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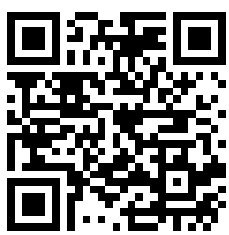

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# The Good Child.

Volume I.

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# The Good Child,

— A Combined —

## Annual for our Catholic Youth and Calendar for the Catholic Home.

Published for the Benefit of

## St. John's Institute for Deaf Mutes.

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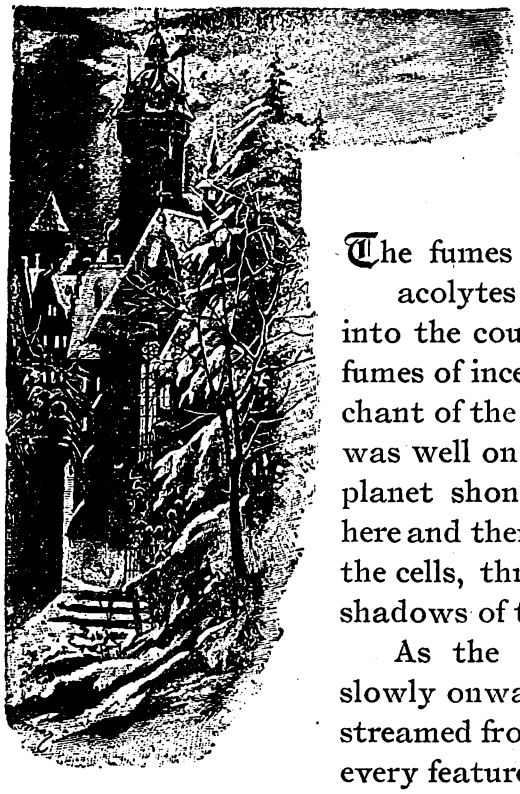

# "LITTLE BROTHER."

(A VARIATION UPON A LEGEND).

BY REV. FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J.

The fumes of incense followed the two acolytes as they went from the chapel into the courtyard of the monastery—the fumes of incense, and the fervent Gregorian chant of the monks at Vespers. The night was well on. A few stars and one bright planet shone from the misty sky, while here and there, the glimmer of a light from the cells, threw into relief the long black shadows of the monastery.

As the lads, arm in arm, walked slowly onward in the path of light which streamed from the open chapel door, their every feature stood out clear-cut and distinct from the darkness that walled them round. And very beautiful features they were, for upon them were written in the characters which nature employs in her most gracious moments, sweetness, winningness, modesty, and, most striking of all, that lovely expression of innocence which not only does not know, but which will not know evil. In build, the two boys were delicate and slender. Their long dark hair and black eyelashes emphasized the pallor of their cheeks, and their large serious eyes. They were orphans, and, as could be surmised at a glance, brothers. Four years ago their father and mother had died, the one within a few weeks of the other, leaving them under the guardianship of their Uncle, Father Bernard, the prior of the monastery.

And indeed Father Bernard had acquitted himself well of his task. They had grown in the very shadow of the tabernacle, which, very early, they had learned to love. There reposed the "dear Infant Jesus," had their mother told them years before; and when they, little prattlers of three and five years, had asked further about the "dear Infant Jesus," she had repeated to them the story which St. Luke has given us; and, as they listened, their little hearts were warmed into love which had never grown cold

Gift

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from their baby days, and their tender, open imaginations—what poet's imagination is as open as a child's?—had been touched into an elevation and purity which promised to endure a life time.

And now, as they were pacing up and down the court-yard, John, the elder, said:

"Harry, it is only a few hours from midnight, and then it is Christmas. I wonder whether the night when the dear Infant Jesus was born was like this? I fancy it must have been clearer."

"I was thinking about it all during benediction," rejoined Harry, "and then I got to looking at the Sacred Host just over my head, and I began to think how nice it would be, if I could only see Him as He used to be when He was a little bit of a boy like myself. Wouldn't you like to see Him just once, John?"

"Mamma sees him all the time," said the elder brother softly.

"Yes; and she sees us, too," Harry added. "I try to remember it always, and I feel so glad to think that she is watching me."

"Why, Harry?"

"Because, I always try to think as if mamma were looking at my thoughts—and I know she must be pleased when God lets her see my thoughts. Oh, listen, isn't it beautiful?" He paused as he spoke and turned his face, lighted up with enthusiasm, towards the chapel door. "How nice the Magnificat sounds to-night. It never sounded so beautiful before."

"Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies timentebus eum." "And His mercy is from generation to generation to those that fear Him." It was a fervent burst of triumphant chords.

"It does sound strangely beautiful," assented John in a whisper which grudged the loss of a single chord or word. "But after all it is natural. All these holy men are thinking of the dear little Infant. How I should like to hear them sing the Benedictus, too: it is nothing but a song in honor of the dear Infant Jesus."

And now with faces turned towards the chapel, they listened eagerly while the glad canticle rolled forth in a full-chorded swell of harmony: and while they listened, their palid faces flushed for very joy, and their hearts were lifted and attuned to lofty prayer; for they were listening to strains which combined in almost perfect proportion lofty music and sublime words with the fervor of simple faith.

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"*Suscepit Israel puerum suum, recordatus misericordiae suae.*" "He hath upholden his servant, Israel, being mindful of his mercy."

"If it sounds so beautiful on earth, what must it be in Heaven?" murmured Harry.

As they stood in rapt attention, there appeared at the door of the Chapel the form of a child. The light seemed to fall upon his features. He stood facing them for a moment, and then came toward them with noiseless steps. But even as he stood at the sill of the chapel door, the two brothers had an opportunity of scrutinizing his features. Like theirs, his hair was long; unlike theirs, it was fair in color and sparkled in the light as though it were shot with gold. His eyes were large and full of tenderness. His features were singularly delicate, and marked with a strange beauty. As he advanced towards the brothers, there was a smile, tender and subdued, upon his face, a smile the like of which the two lads had never seen before. The child was a stranger to them, and yet when they caught that smile, they felt that they were meeting a dear friend.

"Welcome, little boy," said John; "I am John, and this is my little brother Harry."

With a gesture of winning grace, the newcommer took the eagerly extended hands of the two brothers, and pressed them gently to his bosom. Again, he smiled.

"You look so like my mother," said Harry, gazing frankly into the blue eyes that met his in a glance of love.

"So you do," added John. "Only she was dark and you are fair. But it is the look. When mother used to tell us of the 'dear little Infant,' her face looked so like yours. Tell us your name, little friend."

"Call me little brother, my brothers," answered the child, in a voice so musical that at its sound all that was lovely and equisite in the thoughts and memories of Harry and John seemed to vibrate in answering harmony.

"You shall be our brother from now on, little friend," said John. "Shall he not, Harry?"

"Yes," assented Harry, "we like you to be with us. John and I, before you came, were listening to the singing of the Magnificat, and it made us feel so happy; but now that you are with us, I feel

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a thousand times happier than I did when I was listening to the song. So you must be our brother. It is easy for us to think it, for you look so like our dear mother. And now, little brother, do you know anything about Christmas?"

"It is the day I love," answered the child.

"Then you must talk to us about it," said John.

"Tell us the story about the birth of the dear little Jesus," added Harry, eagerly. "And be sure to bring in the angels."

Walking between them, and holding each by the hand, "little brother" began to speak, and the wind which had been sighing fell, as though it were pausing to listen. Even their mother had never spoken as the child spoke: and, while they listened, Harry and John caught such harmony, faint and low, from on high, that they were awed and enraptured. "Little brother" told the sweet story, the old, old story, as though he himself had been an eye-witness. Falling from his lips, there was about it a strange, mystic, indefinable charm. And all the while those strange harmonies, low and faint and sweet, dropped down, all but spent, from the misty heaven. Presently the child ceased to speak: and, as though it had been a pre-concerted signal, every bell in the monastery broke into a gladsome chiming; a strange light burst through the floor of heaven and from the chapel came the voices of the monks, solemn but jubilant, singing the *Adeste Fideles*. And as they concluded the stanza with *venite adoremus Dominum*, the light in the heavens seemed to spring and shiver and glow as though it were a living thing, till, in a few seconds, the whole sky was glorious: then in full burst of harmony, there fell upon the ears of these lads the songs of angels, music such as the great masters had never even imagined. The Heavenly strain was shortlived: it ceased as suddenly as it had begun, the diffused light gathered itself together into one point, disappeared—and in the silence and night that succeed "little brother" stood gazing on his transfixed companions.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried John. "There was never anything like it since the first Christmas. Come with us now little brother, and we shall visit the dear little Jesus."

As they went towards the chapel, their strange visitor said:

"I must go away soon."

"Then we shall go with you," cried John.

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"No, my brothers: not yet. Whither I go you cannot go."

"Yes, we can," said Harry, confidently: "we know that where you are, everything will be as it should be; and so we want to go."

"But very soon you are to serve the Christmas masses of Father Bernard."

"That is true," assented Harry; "and we would not miss those masses for anything. But after that you must come for us, and then we shall go home with you."

The child smiled, and said, "Yes; to-morrow I shall return, and then you shall come home with me."

They entered the chapel, and fell upon their knees in a prayer that was ecstasy. An hour had passed when a trembling hand touched the kneeling brothers. They turned and saw the aged Prior, but "Little Brother" had disappeared.

On tiptoe, obedient to the Prior's signal, they left the chapel.

"My little ones," he said reprovingly, "you should have been in bed this long time."

"Oh! but if you had heard the way our little brother told us mamma's story," said Harry, "you would have felt like praying forever. It was beautiful."

"Yes; but it was unkind of our little brother to slip away," John added. "Besides he promised to take us home with him to-morrow."

"Of whom are you talking," asked the Prior.

The brothers told their story with animation and eagerness. The Prior listened very silently.

"And now," he said, when they had come to an end, "tell us the story of the dear little Jesus in the way your little brother told it."

Suddenly the brothers looked at each other in great perplexity.

"Isn't it strange!" exclaimed John. "It was all so beautiful; and now I can't think of one word that he said."

"Nor I," said Harry. "And then all that music: it was so nice and so easy, and now I can't even imagine how it sounded."

The Prior,s face had grown very serious. He looked at his nephews with reverence and awe.

"My dear little one's" he said after a moments thought, "did

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your new little brother promise to take you to his home to-morrow?"

"Yes, Father," cried both in chorus.

The Prior paused again—a strange light came into his eyes.

"O my God!" he exclaimed, "Can it be? My children, I want to go home with your little brother too."

"You shall go, Father," said Harry.

"But you must get his permission, my children."

"Oh, we'll *make* him let you come along," said Harry, confidently. "We can do just what we please with him."

"That is true," assented John. "I can't imagine him refusing us anything, he is so good."

"Well, then, my little ones, you may go back to the chapel, and ask the dear Infant to induce your little brother to take me home, too."

"O, thank you, Father," cried Harry.

"And may we stay up as long as we like?" asked John.

"Yes, my dears: I do not think you will need much sleep to-night. And to-morrow at mass, remember when you go to Holy Communion, to pray that I may go with you."

* * *

The Prior and his two acolytes had re-entered the sacristy at the end of the Christmas masses.

"How happy I should be," whispered Harry to John, "if our little brother would come now. He ought to be here by this time. I think I shall scold him when he comes."

"Perhaps he is waiting for us in the chapel," suggested John.

Harry walked to the door, then looked out, and even as he looked a great joy lighted up his wan features. In a stride his brother was beside him. "O Father," cried Harry, "there is little brother standing on the altar and beckoning us. He ought not to stand on the altar, though."

The aged Father tottered to the door, gave one look, and cried:

"Kneel, my children, kneel. It is the dear little Infant, Himself."

They fell upon their knees in sudden awe: and as they knelt, the Child glided to their side, and whispered in the ear of each.

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And as each one heard the message, his face shone with the light of heaven. Again the Child went to each of the kneeling group, and pressed each head to his bosom.

* * *

When the sacristan came at early dawn, he saw the three figures bent in seeming adoration before the tabernacle. On coming nearer, though, and examining their irresponsive faces, he was much frightened; for he did not know that 'Little Brother,' had taken them to His home.

# THE STORY OF THE THREE KINGS.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"The wonderful star has appeared at last!" exclaimed Melchior, one night as he stepped out on the flat roof of his house to watch the stars that crowded the firmament.

"The wonderful star has appeared at last!" exclaimed, that same night, Caspar, as he stepped out on the flat roof of his house, to watch the stars that shone forth so gloriously from that oriental sky.

"The wonderful star has appeared at last!" exclaimed Balthazar, as he, too, stepped out on the flat roof of his house, to watch the stars, coming forth, in shining groups, according to their constellations.

Wonderful indeed was that star, the like of which had never been seen before, has never been seen since. Not only large and of a marvellous brilliancy but with something in its aspect which drew the hearts of those who saw it; above all, of these tree wise men, as if it said: "Follow me!" and then these wise men, men of meditation and of prayer, were moved to obey this attraction, and follow in its track.

Although they had often spoken to each other of the prophecy of Balaam, concerning the star that should rise over Jacob, for their small kingdoms lay side by side, they could not wait to consult each other, but each one, seeing the star, felt this drawing of the soul and resolved that nothing should come between him

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and the fulfillment of the prophecy with all its graces for his own soul. The simple preparations for the journey made, each one mounted his camel and gave himself up to the leading of the star, which moved onward, precisely as the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night had moved before the children of Israel in their long journey from Egypt, across the desert to the Promised Land. Strange to say, they had gone only so far as to clear each one from the boundry of his own country, when they saw each other coming to a certain point on the desert. When they met, they dismounted from their camels, embraced and congratulated one another upon the appearance of the beautiful star.

From this moment they journeyed on together, taking their short rest at the same time; then remounting their patient camels in whose shadow they had slept, recited together, or still oftener chanted, in the gladness of their hearts, those beautiful passages in the Psalms and Prophecies concerning this King, to be born, indeed in a city of Juda, but whose reign was to extend over the whole earth.

After thus following the star for several days, they came to Jerusalem, when the star suddenly disappeared: and they said to each other: "Doubtless this Child was born in the royal city of David; let us go to the king, and inquire where we shall find Him who is born king of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the east and have come to adore him."

During four thousand years, God's chosen people had waited for the fulfillment of the prophecy concerning that Messiah who was to save the world from its sins, and how do they receive the joyful news from the lips of our travellers? Herod, the king, no sooner learned the errand of the three wise men, then he was filled with consternation as if he had seen this little Infant wresting his kingdom from him, and although he spoke smoothly to the wise men, in his heart he was troubled; and all Jerusalem, seeing the cloud on the face of the king, were troubled also. How strange all this seemed to our Three Kings, who had been in a state of exultation ever since they had seen the star.

But troubled as he was, Herod lost no time in calling together the chief priests and the scribes to learn from them where Christ should be born. To this question one and the same answer, was

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given by all: "Bethlehem in Juda;" quoting the prophecy: "And thou Bethlehem, land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come forth the leader who shall rule my people Israel."

No sooner was this answer given, than the three kings, Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar, saw the star again. Forthwith they took leave of king Herod and all his court, to take up their joyful march, following the star until it came and stood still, on the twelfth day of their journey, over the very spot where was the Babe, the new born King of kings whom they had come to adore.

But what was this house? Not a palace, like that in which they had seen Herod, nor was it like their own spacious houses with their broad flat roofs, from which, for years, they had watched, night after night, the stars coming forth by their constellations; nor even like any of the best houses in Bethlehem; but—a poor stable, in which the ox and the ass fed at the manger; and it was in their manger that our Magi saw cradled the King whom they had come to adore.

And His parents? People of most gentle and humble bearing, without attendants or anything that looked like wealth, only there was over them and around them, a divine serenity, a peace such as our kings had never felt before. The mother, Mary the

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Virgin, how young she was, how fair beyond the loveliness even of beautiful maidens; and Joseph her husband, was the meekest of men. At their coming as if she had expected them, the Virgin Mother took her child from His manger crib, placing Him on her lap as upon a throne when the three kings, as if under one inspiration, fell on their knees before this Infant of days, who stretched out his little hand over them with a blessing in a transport of joy, of love, of adoration, they bent their heads before him to the rough floor of the stable, offering to him the precious gifts they had brought with them across the desert from their sunnyland, so rich in treasures covted even by a King Solomon.

First Melchior presented to him a box of that purest gold of ophir, of which we read in the Old Testament. Then Caspar presented another box of costliest frankincense, sweet with the odors of Arabian gums; and then Balthazar presented a box of that precious myrrh with which the kings are embalmed. But better than all these gifts was the ardor of their faith, worshipping the new born Child as only those could worship him, to whom had come the enlightenment of divine grace.

It is to honor this visit by three wise men—or the Magi—as the three kings are often called, that the church celebrates the twelfth day after Christmas, or the sixth of January, the feast of the Epiphany, or the showing of our Lord to the Gentiles, and which is sometimes called "The Gentiles Christmas."

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—LAMB.

The best preparation for doing great things is to be faithful in little ones.

No one is useless in the world who helps to lighten the burdens of some other.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what directions we are moving.—HOLMES.

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# DORA'S CHRISTMAS;

## OR, THE MADE UP PRAYER.

IT was Christmas Eve. The wind was howling round the corners and piling the snow into huge drifts. The occupants of one small cottage this cold night sat by a fast dying fire. They were mother and child. The mother was striving by the light of the rapidly diminishing candle to finish a piece of needle-work. Her eyes, swollen and red from constant scrutiny, never lifted themselves from her work, except to rest with a mother's love on the little six year old child beside her.

"Mamma," the child asked, presently, "isn't this Christmas Eve? Doesn't Santa Claus come down the chimney to-night with lots of presents? Will he come to me?"

"Nay, darling, Santa Clause is for the rich, and not for the poor, who have hardly the house to shelter them," the poor widow answered; but seeing Dora's disappointed face, added: "You must not interrupt me with any more questions now, but tomorrow, if all is well, I will tell you all about Christmas and Santa Claus."

"Has Squire Walker been here again, mamma, about the rent?" Dora still persisted. "Is that why you have to work so hard to finish that?"

"Yes, darling, and he says that if I do not have the rent ready

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to-morrow, out of the house we go. That will be our Christmas present," and tears followed each other in rapid succession down the widow's pale cheeks.

Dora's arms were around her mother's neck in an instant.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "he would not turn us out in the cold on Christmas Day, and besides," she added hopefully, "God won't let him, for he says he will take care of the widows and orphans."

A fresh burst of tears rewarded her childish but faithful words.

"You are right, my darling," her mother answered, when calm; "God will take care of us, and whatever happens will be his will. But go to bed now, and to-morrow I shall try and earn a little and perhaps I may get enough to pay the rent. Good night, my darling," and with a kiss she sent her to bed.

Dora lay on the little sofa that served as a bed for mother and child, and though it was hours before her mother laid aside her work, yet the child was wide awake, nor did she sleep until her mother lay down beside her.

* * *

Early the next morning Mrs. Wayne went out, leaving Dora in charge of the cottage. She thought that perhaps by helping to prepare some of the many Christmas dinners to be served that day she might earn enough to pay the rent, thereby keeping a roof over herself and child for a time.

No sooner had the door closed upon her mother than Dora's face assumed a thoughtful aspect—thoughtful beyond her years.

"Mamma's gone to try and earn something," she thought. "I'm a big girl, but I can't do anything. Oh, dear! I wish I could do something to help mamma," and two great tears rolled down her face.

"I know," she cried suddenly, as a brilliant thought struck her; "I will pray to God, then maybe He will help us to pay the rent."

She knelt by the wooden chair and, clasping her hands, prayed. Her mother had taught her to say the Our Father and Hail Mary, but when Dora had said this she was not yet satisfied.

"That don't ask God to send us money to pay the rent," she thought. "Maybe I could make up a prayer that God would hear just the same. I guess I'll try," and down on her knees she got again.

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"Please God, this is a made-up prayer, because I didn't ask you for money to pay our rent in Our Father, so, God, I want to tell you that mamma has to stay up most all night to sew. I saw her myself last night. She can't get money enough to pay the rent, and that bad Squire Walker says if she doesn't pay it to-morrow we will have to get out of the house—on Christmas Day, too! So please God, send us some money, and oh! please, make Squire Walker a good man, and answer my prayer, and—and—Amen."

"God has answered your prayer, my child," a deep, manly voice said close behind her as she rose from her knees. So engrossed had she become in her prayer that she had not heard the door open, and as she turned she was confronted by Squire Walker's youngest son.

He had been sent by his father to collect the rent or order Mrs. Wayne to leave. His heart misgave him for having to do it, for he was not like his father—cold and stern. But Squire Walker's word was law and he knew that there was no alternative but to obey.

He had entered the cottage quietly (hearing a voice), so softly, indeed that Dora had not heard him.

He stopped, perplexed at the sight of a child praying so earnestly. It brought to his mind the prayer he had said at his mother's knee, but which was now a past dream. Tears filled his eyes as she asked God to send her mother money, but a sob arose in his throat when she asked God to make good his stern, tyrannical father.

When Dora had finished and as he spoke, he resolved that no rent would he collect, but would bear his father's anger.

"Oh, please, sir, don't ask us for the rent now; mamma has gone to try and earn something for the rent," Dora cried, recognizing him and guessing his errand.

"My child, do not fear," he answered, kindly, tears blinding his eyes. "I will not ask for any money, nor will any one else, but with God's help your prayer will be answered in more than sending money to pay the rent. Here, when your mother comes give her this." He thrust into her hand a ten-dollar bill and with a "Merry Christmas," was gone.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Wayne entered the house tired and

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dispirited, and found Dora standing in the centre of the room gazing at the green bill in her hand.

At the sight of her mother the spell was broken.

"It is God's money," she said, faintly. "I prayed to God to send us some, and He has."

Then with her arms around her mother's neck she told the whole story. Hardly had she finished when there was a knock at the door, and a servant from Squire Walker's entered, carrying a large basket, which he set down, and without a word left the cottage. The basket opened showed to their astonished eyes such loads of pies, cakes, candies, nuts, and a large turkey; in fact, everything for an enjoyable Christmas dinner.

On the handle of the basket was a card which bore this inscription: "For the little girl who loves and trusts in God."

"Oh, mamma," Dora said, with a little laugh, as her mother read it, "only think; it was all on account of that made-up prayer." —*The Child.*

We often find that loss
  In pricceless gain,
Which hides, like clinging moss,
  The gold's bright grain.

We often find that gain
  Is deepest loss,
And leaves a fadeless stain
  And worthless dross.

And so we may not choose,
  But fully trust
In God, who knows
  The gold from dust.

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## A BOY'S RELIEF.

It isn't much fun a-living
If grandpa says what's true,
That this is the jolliest time o' life
That I'm a passing through.
I'm afraid he can't remember,
It's been so awful long,
I'm sure if he could recollect
He'd know that he was wrong.
Did he ever have, I wonder,
A sister just like mine,
Who'd take his skates, or take his kite,
Or tangle up his twine?
Did he ever chop the kindling,
Or fetch in coal and wood,
Or offer to turn the wringer?
If he did, he was awful good.
In summer, it's "weed the garden,"
In winter it's "shovel the snow,"
For there isn't a single season
But has its work, you know.
And then when a fellow's tired,
And hopes he may just sit still,
It's "bring me a pail of water, son,
From the spring at the foot of the hill."
How can grandpa remember,
A fellow's grief or joy?
'Tween you and me, I don't believe
He ever was a boy.
Is this the jolliest time o' life?
Believe it I never can;
Nor that it's as nice to be a boy,
As a really grown-up man.

—*Harper's Young People.*

A beggar's rags may cover as much pride as an Alderman's gown.—*Spurgeon.*

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## THE SHRINE ERECTED BY THE DEAF MUTES ON THE GROUNDS OF ST. JOHN'S INSTITUTE, DEDICATED MAY 1st, 1895.

BY M. M. G.

I know a spot so beautiful
As ever eye hath seen,
'Neath lofty trees, away from care,
Endowed by nature's green;

Here tender hands of young and old
Have toiled in Mary's name,
As children would who love their God
And seek not worldly fame.

A shrine it was of wood and stone,
A place for Mother dear
They built, impelled by merest love
For Her who gives them cheer,

'Tis here they rest on summer days,
Enjoying God's fresh air,
While gentle Zephyr full of play,
Blows through their golden hair.

Their mouths are closed because their ear
Had never heard a noise,
And thus there eye must hear for them,
Their hand must be their voice.

And here they are those children poor,
With ros'ry in their hand,
Imploring Mother dear to smile
Down on their little band.

Though many here at times you see
At work or busy play,
'Tis silent yet, and still as night,
Not *one* word do they say.

They cannot sing, nor tell us how
They love what e'er they see,
Nor can they hear the birdies chirp,
Who fly from tree to tree.

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GOOD NIGHT MAMMA! GOOD NIGHT PAPA!! GOOD NIGHT ALL!!!

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# THE THREE LITTLE 'SMITHS.

By Rob. M.

No sound of hammer,
Nor smoke nor din,
The Forge was silent
When the Trio looked in.

"Why, here's a chance,
For us all three!"
Said the eldest to the others
With a voice full of glee.

"Mattie! pull the bellows!
Ah,—see there is fire!
We'll put in this iron
Then blow till we tire."

"There, that is enough!
The heat is just right,
Now with our hammers
We'll hit it with might."

"Now—strike!—strike!
Make the fire fly!
If we keep on like this
'Twill be a shoe by and by."

Thus—busily they worked
Till a voice quite near
Asked deeply and loud
"Hey! what's going on here?"

Then they rested at ease
And answer all made
"Don't you see sir, we three
Are learning our trade!"

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## THE ALTAR-BOY.

His boyish face is fair to see,
His youthful heart is light and free,
A soldier of the Cross is he.
His only armor for the fight
His cassock folds and surplice white,
His shield of innocence and right.
Now on the altar step he kneels,
What sacred sense is that he feels,
That beauty, grace, and truth reveals?
"Dominus vobiscum," Oh,
He hears the priest and answers low,
"Et cum spiritu tuo."
He marks the grand old "Sanctus" swell,
'Tis sweet to him; he loves it well,
As rings the deep-toned altar bell.
Beside the priest, with measured pace
The Stations of the Cross he'll trace,
His taper shining on his face.
A voice there speaks unto his ear,
He answers, without doubt or fear,
Like Samuel, "Speak, Lord, I hear".
O soldier, dost thou realize
The duty that before thee lies,
The path that leads thee to the skies?
Dear boy, that thou might'st always stay
As fair and pure, as brave and gay
As fearless as thou art to-day!
And mayest thou while in the fight,
Preserve thy shield of spotless white,
Forever keep thy armor bright.

*—Grace L. McCarthy.*

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## THAT PICTURE OF THE SACRED HEART.

By Anna Sadlier.

An early spring had come to Canada. It had touched the buds into life: it had clothed the trees with a delicate green. Cattle were lowing, sheep bleating, the air was full of faint fragrance, as in anticipation of those many odorous plants which should later fill the gardens and the woodlands with their profusion.

Mary Leonard sat upon the porch of her father's little stone house. Tangled creepers of honeysuckle fell about her. A lilac bush beside the door was sending her its grateful sweetness. A bird or two sang in a neighboring tree. Mary was absorbed in a letter, four pages of closely written school-girl news from a convent friend. On the last page a few lines caught her attention particularly: "We are all busy here about the League of the Sacred Heart. I am a Promoter and have got a Cross. Lots of our old convent friends are in it. But, perhaps you do not know what all this means."

A brief explanation followed, and Mary mechanically took up an enclosed printed card: "The promises of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary." Mechanically, too, she began to read. Her thoughts were busy with that mad-cap, Lucy Hearn, the wildest girl in the class, transformed now into a Promoter of the Sacred Heart. One promise particularly appealed to Mary:

"I will bless the houses wherin an Image of My Heart shall be exposed and honored."

Acting on a sudden impulse, Mary went up to her room and took from her drawer a colored print. It was of no particular value. It had been given as a reward of merit in the young girl's convent days. It was an Image of the Sacred Heart. She brought it down stairs, and with some hesitation hung it up in the sitting room, just above a rude little shelf. She did not know what her father might say, and she stood considerably in awe of him and his opinions.

She passed out into the garden and gathered a handful of early spring flowers, and put them in a vase upon the shelf. Then, she sat down at the window, and looked out over the fields just turn-

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ing green and the road stretching away into the distance. At last she could see afar off her father approaching, a bent and toil-worn figure. His clothing was rough, his hair and manner, as he entered the house, dejected and even morose.

Thomas Leonard's life had been one of hard and prosaic labor. He had had but little time to attend to his religious duties, and the suburb where he lived gave but narrow scope for anything more than the baldest practice of religion. It was only occasionally visited by a priest, the Catholics in the vicinity being the merest handful.

After supper Mary Leonard carried the lamp into the sitting-room, where her father usually smoked his pipe. Scarcely had he seated himself, when the light of the lamp fell full upon the picture and the fragrant blossoms before it. Thomas Leonard started as if he had seen a ghost. The divine face and figure rudely outlined, but yet full of meaning and majesty, strangely awed him.

"What's that?" he said, shortly, jerking his tumb in the direction of the sacred image.

"A picture of the sacred Heart, father."

"Who put it there?"

"I did."

"Humph!"

No more was said, Mary was rejoiced that her father had not ordered the picture to be taken down. So hard and absorbed in material things had he become, that beauty, sweetness, spirituality, paused without the stone porch. Work and economy were all the duties that Thomas Leonard imposed upon his daughter. If she wanted to say her prayers—short ones—well and good. If a priest came she might go to mass, but there must be no humbug. At first when a priest came at Easter, Thomas Leonard was careful to receive the Sacraments. Of late, he had contrived to be out of the way at that particular time, and his faith was apparently dead.

The picture had been in its place a week or more, when Mary surprised her father, one evening, standing, with a light in his hand, attentively examining it. She stole away, unheeded, and again she caught him painfully spelling out "the Promises," which had been left upon the shelf.

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Once a grandchild came from a still more remote country place, on a visit. Its mother was a Protestant. The child had been taught nothing of its father's religion. One day Mary overheard a conversation between her father and the little lad.

"Grandpapa, who is that in the picture?"

"It's our Saviour I suppose," said the man, shame-facedly, the name was so unfamiliar on his lips.

"What is he doing?"

"Oh, I don't know; Mary can tell you."

"He has a beautiful, kind face; and there is a lady in the picture. What is she doing?"

"Praying."

"Do you ever pray, grandpapa?" asked the child, earnestly.

Grandpapa growled something in answer. He did not want his young inquirer to learn that for years he had scarcely ever bent his knee.

"Grandpapa is too busy," he added aloud.

"If you tell me how, I will," said the child, eagerly.

Something like an expression of pain crossed the old man's face, as he rose and left the room. He was a skilled workman, and had risen to be foreman of the factory wherein he had worked for forty years. No one could replace him when he was absent, and he taught many of the new hands their work. But he had never taught anyone to pray. He had almost forgotten how himself. As the weeks and months went by, the picture and Mary's daily offering of flowers before it made a spot of beauty in the house. The bear walls of the sitting-room seemed less dreary. The perfume of flowers had replaced that of new carpet or of stale varnish.

Once when Mary spoke of removing the picture to her own room, her father almost sternly bade her leave it where it was.

It had so far worked its way into his hardened and toil-worn heart.

## II.

Spring had softly stolen away at the touch of summer, and the ripe fruits of autumn had fallen before the vigorous blast of a northerly winter. Icicles hung upon the trees, the garden of the little stone house was piled high with snow. The roads were

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blocked, so that Thomas Leonard could scarcely get to his work in the neighboring town. Mary was shut up in a dreariness which she enlivened by decorating, as best she might, the space around the picture. She had begun to burn before it a small oil lamp, which was another school-day relic. Her father had at first said something about the danger of setting fire to the house, but he made no very great objection, and seemed at last to look for the light, on his return at evening. The little sitting-room had an end window, through which the red gleam of the lamp shone out upon the road.

One particularly wild and stormy night came about the end of December. Drifts of snow were whirling, blizzard fashion, up and down the road. The wind howled about the house and rattled the frost-bound trees. Just as the father and daughter sat down to supper, they were startled by a stamping of feet outside and a loud knocking at the door. Thomas Leonard threw it open, and discovered a young man, evidently belonging to the higher classes. The stranger briefly explained that, being on his way to the residence of a gentleman—whose name Thomas Leonard at once recognized—some distance further on, he had got off the direct road and lost himself.

"You had better stop here to-night," said Leonard, with rough civility; "there's no chance of making your way before daybreak, and not then, unless this blizzard holds up."

"But I have a horse and sleigh," objected the traveller.

"There's an out-house for them. I'll see that they're all right."

The stranger yielded, and having partaken of the humble but plentiful supper, sat in the little sitting-room watching Mary knit and her father smoke. All at once he said, glancing, with a smile, at the lamp before the picture:

"That must have been the light which guided me here. It was like a tiny red spark in the darkness. But it answered the purpose. Had I not seen it I should have wandered on in the drifts, or have gone down an embankment."

"If you hadn't found your way here somehow," said Leonard, "you wouldn't have been a living man to-morrow."

"A very little thing to save a life," said the stranger, rising and going over to examine the print. "Will you permit me to in-

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quire," he added, involuntarily addressing Mary, "what this picture is intended to represent, and why you burn a light before it?"

Mary, summoning up all her convent lore, gave as clear an account as she could of the significance of the picture and her reasons for burning the lamp. The stranger listened attentively, asking many questions. He read over "the Promises" more than once, and returned to the subject of devotion to the Sacred Heart with a persistancy which astonished Tom Leonard.

"What had men got to do," he thought, "with all this religious business? The women were the only ones who had time for that."

Unconsiously, however, he learned a great deal, no less than his quest.

The inclemency of the weather detained the young stranger for two or three days under the humble roof. During his stay he conversed more than once with Mary upon the subject of religion, examining her beads, her prayer-book, and a catechism, which last he jestingly begged from her as a memento of his visit. Perhaps it was because of the lamp which had saved his life, but he talked most of all of the Sacred Heart.

## III.

Ten years had passed away, and again the April blossoms had replaced the Canadian snows. The honeysuckle was climbing once more over the porch of the stone house, and the leaves were fast sprouting on the trees. Mary Leonard was all absorbed by one thought: Her father lay dying, there was no priest nearer than the neighboring town; she dared not go so far, leaving the sick man alone. Besides, he had repulsed her so sternly when she touched upon the subject, and had broken forth into such savage threats, that she was fairly terrified. The picture of the Sacred Heart had been brought, with its little red light, and hung in view of the bed. Before it stood the vase of spring flowers. It seemed to have an extraordinary fascination for Leonard. Even in his ravings he talked disconnectedly about it. A doctor came once, and pronounced, carelessly, that the patient might live a month or two, but that his case was hopeless. He gave his instructions, and departed. Mary was left alone.

The dusk of an April evening was closing in, recalling to Mary

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that other twilight, when, reading her schoolmate's letter, she had resolved to hang up the picture of the Sacred Heart. She sat now overwhelmed by the thought that her father might pass into that terrible unseen world, unshriven, unprepared. Oh, if she could but get a priest! If only one were near. A sound of wheels and of voices aroused her from her reverie, then a knocking at the door. Mary threw it open, and found herself confronted by the stranger of long ago. For sometime after his visit he had sent them occasional tokens of friendly remembrance, then there had been silence. Mary recognized him at once.

To her wonder, he wore a distinctly clerical dress.

The explanations which followed were not long.

"I shall not try," said the stranger, smiling, "to unravel for you the tangled skein of my experience since we met. The clue must be looked for in your picture of the Sacred Heart, and the light burning before it, which saved my life. Do you remember how we talked religion during my visit; how you gave me a catechism; above all, how you made me acquainted with that wonderful devotion to the Divine Heart? Once set thinking, reading, studying, the path was clear to the Church and to the priesthood. My friend, Father ——, and I, being in this neighborhood, I made it a point to come and thank you for your hospitality of long ago."

"Perhaps you can do more than that for us," said Mary, quietly. "My father is dying, and has refused to let me go for a priest, even if I could have left him and made my way to town. He will see you. My prayer to the Sacred Heart is answered."

An April evening was closing in dreamily. Sunset was fading from the landscape, a faint breeze was stirring the elm trees, wherein were heard the songs of birds, an echo, perhaps, of the canticle of joy which the angels were singing for one that had done penance. Thomas Leonard had passed beyond earthly speech or sound. But at his bedside was the priest, the stranger of ten years before, and in his hand was a Crucifix. His last words had been an appeal for mercy to the Divine Heart. His dying eye had rested upon the picture. The red light from the lamp fell as a benediction over the pallid and stiffening form from which the spirit was passing with the last April sun. It fell, too, upon the

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bowed figure of Mary Leonard, who, through all her grief and dessolation, could perceive that the promise had been realized. Great blessings had come from the honor paid to that picture of the Sacred Heart.—*Anna Sadlier.*

"Papa," said the small boy the other day, "when the flies walk on the ceiling, don't you s'pose they wonder how we can hang on the floor by our feet?" There's a little sermon in this text and we can each preach it to himself. We are too apt to think that things are wrong side up or back side fore, simply because they are different from our way.

"When I was a freshman in Williams College," said Garfield, "I looked out one night and saw in the window of my only competitor for first place in mathematics a light twinkling a few minutes longer than I was wont to keep mine burning. I then and there determined to invest a little more time in preparation for the next day's recitation. I did so and passed above my rival."

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## WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

What is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Decked with a scarf pin, a chain and a ring,
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,
Sporting an eyeglass, a lisp and a smile,
Talking of operas, concerts, and balls,
Evening assemblies, and afternoon calls,
Sunning himself at "At Homes" and bazars
Whistling Mazurkas and smoking cigars?
What is a gentleman? Say, is it some one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?
One who unblushingly glories to speak
Things which should call up a flush to his cheek?
One who, while railing at actions unjust,
Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust?
Scorns to steal money, or jewels or wealth,
Thinks it no crime to take honor by stealth?
What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,
Speaking no word that can injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deepening no stain?
One who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving instinctively always to please?
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek
When to be silent, and when he should speak?
What is a gentleman? is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Living in uprightness, fearing his God.
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod,
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold,
Recking not whether his hand may be hard.
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?
What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble, or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?

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## THE GOOD CHILD.

Seek out the man who has God for his guide;
Nothing to blush for and nothing to hide;
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman nature has made.

—*Young Folks.*

## GOOD BUISINESS MAXIMS.

"He who rises earlier than his competitor," said David Dudley Field, "and works more hours, within limits of healthy endurance, will carry off the prize."

A student at Andover bought some wood and went to Professor Stuart to learn whom he could get to saw it. "I am out of a job of that kind," said Mr. Stuart; "I will saw it myself."

"What is the secret of success in business?" asked a friend of Cornelius Vanderbilt. "Secret! There is no secret about it," replied the Commodore: "all you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead."

Carefully examine every detail of your business. Be prompt in every thing. Take time to consider, and then decide positively. Dare to go forward. Bear troubles patiently. Be brave in the struggle of life. Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing. Never tell business lies. Make no useless acquaintances. Never appear something more than you are. Pay your debts promptly. Shun strong liquor. Employ your time well. Do not reckon upon chance. Be polite to everybody. Never be discouraged. Then work hard, and you will succeed.—*Notes and Queries.*

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## GRANDMA'S GOLD PIECE.

"Polly, have you done your sweeping?"

"No, mamma, but I'm just going to do it."

"Be quick, then, little girl. Don't waste your time this beautiful morning."

"Waste time--O dear!" groaned Polly, as mamma, who had looked into the room, went away with brisk steps.

"I think it's a waste of time to sweep or do anything in the house on such a morning as this. I hate to sweep, and dusting is worse—it takes longer. What's the use of dusting all these things? If I pull down the curtains the dust wont show a bit."

Going to the window to try the effect of the pulling down, Polly put out her head and it stayed out.

"I do believe those seeds are coming up, she said, stretching down as far as she could toward the border under the window. "Yes, I know they are! I see the little bits of green."

All the sweeping and dusting flew out of her head as she ran out to look more closely.

"Yes, here they are—one, two, three, four, five, six—more than I can count. Here is the phlox, and there are the nasturtiums, and there is the migonette—just peeping out. O, you darlings, I know you are glad to be up in the sunshine, instead of staying in the dark ground. Hurry along, you beauties; just let me help you a little."

With careful little fingers she pressed away the earth from some which seemed anxious to get farther out, crumbling the lumps of earth and patting it lovingly around them. But you are too dry—I must give you some water. She brought the sprinkler and watched the brightening of the tender green shoots in the sparkling drops.

"Polly!" called a voice.

"Yes, grandma," she answered. "Where are you?"

"Round here on the back porch," shouted her brother Tom.

Polly ran around, and found her grandmother and her sister Madge and Tom holding a grave consultation.

"Polly, grandma's lost the gold-piece!" exclaimed Madge, in a breath.

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"Where?" said Polly in dismay.

"Well, if she knew where, it wouldn't be lost, would it?" said Tom.

"It might," said Polly, "if it was down in the well or in a haystack."

"I was going over to your Uncle John's yesterday evening," exclaimed grandma, "to give him the money, and when I got there it was not in my pocket: so I must have lost it on the way, it was getting dusky when I came back, so I could not look for it, but as I went by the short cut through the meadow and the bit of woods, no one has probably passed thatway since; so it may be lying somewhere along the path, and I am sure one of your three pair of bright eyes would spy it out."

"Yes, it'll sparkle in the sunshine," said Madge.

"Can you all go?" asked grandma.

"Yes," said Tom, "I've weeded my bed."

"Yes," said Madge, "I put our room in order."

"O, dear! said Polly, "I haven't swept the sitting-room, mamma," she called to her mother, who was going down the garden path, "can't I leave my sweeping, to go with Tom and Madge?"

"Where," asked her mother,

"Look out!" cautioned Tom, in a low voice.

"Just over to Uncle John's."

"No, I told you some time ago to get your work done, and must not leave it undone."

"Then, can't they wait till I do it?" asked Polly of her grandma.

"If we do, Uncle John will be gone before we get there," said Tom.

Grandma followed the two to the gate and as their mother got out of hearing said:

"If you find the money, give it to Uncle John. I explained to him that I am giving it to you three for a reward for not missing having Bible lesson every morning for a whole year and that it is to buy the book of poems for your mother's birthday. If you can't find it, of course I must give you another gold-piece."

"But, then Uncle John will not be going to the city to buy the book, and her birthday will be past," said Madge.

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"Yes, it will be a pity if you do not find it, for I have no more money to-day," said grandma.

"O, dear!" Polly groaned more heavily than before, as she returned to her neglected duties. "Such a lovely morning for a walk! I wish there weren't any brooms in the world, or any carpets or tables or books. When I am a woman, and have a house of my own, I'll never sweep. I'll stay out of doors all the time. O, dear! I forgot to tell Tom to see if that little bird is building its nest in the alder bush. And I wanted to see the fish in the little creek. They'll find wild flowers in the woods I know. And I'd have them for mamma's birthday to-morrow. But they'll be sure to pick them all. It will be too bad if they don't find the money, so we can have the book. I know I could have found it. I don't care if I don't sweep clean—I shan't take up the rug or move the chairs. I wonder if grandma'll give us another gold-piece if we learn our Bible lessons another year? We've learned such a lot, but there is plenty more. I had mine better than Tom this morning, but it was a short one." 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' Polly said it almost without thinking, then repeated it more slowly, as a sense of it's meaning came over her. As her eyes wandered about the half-swept floor, she recalled something grandma had said at breakfast time:—"Bringing an earnest purpose of doing our best to everything we do. The smallest thing we do may be an offering of service to the Lord if well and faithfully done."

"I wonder if grandma would call this sweeping a piece of faithful work. O, dear! duty is a dreadful thing." Polly looked at the floor in great discontent. "But it is getting so hot, and I do hate to sweep. I wish mamma didn't think it her duty to make us children learn to do things about the house. Hattie Pierce never has to sweep and dust."

But after a few moments thought, the chairs were dusted and carried out of the room, and the rug lifted and shaken. Then a half hours patient work put a different look upon things, and Polly was well satisfied with it as she brought a few budding lilacs and put in a vase.

Now, this door mat—I didnt mean to touch it as I swept the porch, but here it goes."

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"What's that?"

A flash in the sunlight as she jerked up the mat, a clink and a roll down step after step. With a cry of joy, Polly sprang after the shining thing.

"The gold piece! O, how glad I am that I lifted the mat." With a few words to grandma she sped across the field to Uncle John's. When nearly there she met Madge and Tom coming back with down-cast faces. "We didn't find it."

I've found it—here 'tis," cried Polly, waving her hand. "It was under the mat on the porch. Just in the fringe. Grandma must have dropped it there before she went to Uncle John's." She was rushing on but Tom stopped her.

"It's too late now. Uncle John's gone to the station.

An expression of bitter disappointment came over Polly's face. No birthday present would be waiting for mamma.

"O, if I had only swept my room when mamma told me!"

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.

Youth is a state of preparation for Manhood.

It takes more courage to endure than it does to act.

Live to-day; to-morrow may be too late; the wise lived yesterday.

The more polish you put on a man the better the devil is suited.

A lie is often told without saying a word, by putting the rotten apples in the bottom of the basket.

A moderate drinker in the company of inebriates is like a man who sleeps on the brink of a precipice.

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## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

By Rev. B. D.

We are traveling through a world full of trials and dangers. The country to which we travel is heaven, our true home. In order to protect us on our journey, God has given us not only parents, teachers, and other good men as guides, but He has commissioned the highest servants in his heavenly court to lead men safely to heaven. To every child on earth, even the poorest and lowliest He gives a special guardian angel. And this guardian angel is with us at all times, goes with us everywhere, remains near us, and watches over us. Cheerfully the guardian angel takes upon himself the duty of loving us, of protecting us amid all dangers, and of guiding our footsteps toward heaven. He takes care both of our temporal and spiritual welfare.

When we experience a mysterious intervention, not referable to any known law, it should be attributed to that unknown friend and monitor whom our Heavenly Father has given us. There are in the lives of all men certain crises and occasions which may be called special providences. One is saved from a sudden violent death, another recovers from an otherwise fatal illness, another is rescued from emminent danger. It is impossible for us to know without a special revelation all the dangers that surround us. Who could tell all the dangers that surrounded our childhood, who could enumerate all the accidents from which we have escaped by the interference of our guardian angel? Let wise men account for such providences and explain them after their own wisdom, but to the simple ones of the household of faith Holy Scripture lifts the veil and reveals behind the good angel.

Yes, our guardian angel watches with tender care over the preservation of our body, our health, our life. But he takes still greater care of our immortal soul. He puts good thoughts in our minds and shows us dangers that threathen us, sustains and encourages us in temptation, reproves for our faults, draws us by his gentle inspiration to perform our duties; he assists us especially in the hour of death, conducts our souls to purgatory

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and, finally, leads them to heaven. If all the blessings which God has bestowed upon every one of us through His guardian angel were to be written down they would fill a large volume. These blessings will become more numerous from the time that we begin to be more devout to our guardian angel.

When you are exposed to danger, rejoice under the shadow of the wing of your guardian angel. When you are forsaken and depressed, perplexed and tried, remember your best abiding friend. When you feel yourself in your best dispositions, full of generous resolutions, powerfully drawn to God's side, filled with a sweet relish for goodness and holiness, remember with gratitude your guardian angel. When you rise and when you lie down, at work and at play, remember your guardian angel. When you are alone, remember that you are never really alone. You do not see your guardian angel but he is truly there.

In every danger of body and soul call for his help in words of sincere affection and confidence. Listen to the voice of your guardian angel when he speaks to your heart. Obey him; love him, he is worthy; speak to him, he can hear and help you; thank him, it is the least you can do for all his benefits, for all his love toward you. Pray him that he may never—never depart, if indeed there be such an evil, and Holy Scripture seems to imply that there is. And if so it is fearful to think that one may tempt him too far, that one may overabuse that long-suffering patience, so that he may flee from our side at last and then—woe to the poor soul! It is too dreadful to think upon. God forbid it should ever happen to any one of us. Night and morning say this beautiful prayer for which an indulgence of one-hundred days has been granted:

Angel of God my guardian dear,
To whom his love commits me here,
Ever this day be at my side,
To light and guard, to rule and guide.

Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

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## OUR GROUP, PAGE 37.

THE little boys dressed in uniform will be the future citizens of our grand country, and the stronghold of our Holy Mother the Church.

That is right boys. You cannot begin too soon to prepare for practical life. You may be *playing soldier* now, but the time will soon come when you may have to stand up like men, full of courage, and assume the duties of a real life, when you will be ushered from boyhood into manhood.

You must remember that if you amount to anything in the world, it will be mainly through your own efforts. You may have good friends, but they cannot make your character or habits,—these are your own fashioning.

Someone, in an excellent talk to boys, says that a boy is something like a bar of iron, which in its natural state is worth about five dollars; if made into horseshoes, twelve dollars; but by being worked into balance springs for watches, it is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and then adds: But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating, and rolling and pounding, and polishing, and so, if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half as much to be made into horseshoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs, but think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be; horseshoes or watch-springs? It depends on yourself. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood."

A wise man has said that:

"When forenoons of life are wasted, there is not much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening. Sun-risings and sun-settings are closely connected in every experience."

## BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

The life of a great many people is nothing but a game of Blindman's Buff. Without a purpose or aim in life, without any fixed knowledge of a future world they live on till they are surprised by death. Oh, the fools! And when their last hour comes they grasp in the dark for something to hang on to.

Their life is one round of:

"Dining and Sleeping,
Laughing and weeping,
Sighing for some new toy;
Loving and hating,
Wooing and mating,
Chasing the phantom, Joy.

Losing and winning,
Praying and sinning,
Seeking a higher life;
Hope and repining,
Shadow and shining,
Care and worry and strife.

Hoarding and wasting,
Loitering, hasting,
Missing the golden mark;
Praising and flouting,
Trusting and doubting—
Taking a leap in the dark."

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## POLITENESS.

To be polite is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.
Hearts like doors can ope with ease,
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two are these:
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

—*Children's Hour.*

## GIVE.

"Give!" says the sparkling little rill,
"I always give, am giving still,
And yet I have enough always,
God fills my fountain every day.
"Give!" says the pretty garden flower,
"I give my fragrance to the bower,
I give the bee his morning meal,
And yet no want I know or feel,
And my reward is this—
The dewdrops morning kiss."
"Give!" says the bird upon the tree,
"I sing my best, my songs is free;
I never knew a bird sung out
And left forlorn to fly about;
To sing my song and give
Is my best way to live."
"Give!" say the angels as they speed
From heaven to earth for human need;
They come to us—we do not see,
But they are sent to you and me.
"Give!" said the angels bright,
Good angels day and night.
"Give!" says the Lord of earth and sky,
I gave myself, I came to die;
I gave my love that you might live;
All mine is yours, can ye not give?"
Yes, Saviour, we will bring
Our gifts to Thee, our King.

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## IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE NOW.

IT was late in the fall and navigation was near its close in our Northern waters. A storm was gathering dark and heavy over one of the many bays extending into the noble coast-line of the great St. Lawrence, far down towards the gulf of the same name. Few sails were to be seen on the angry waste of waters, and those were all close-reefed and lying-to in anxious preparation for the coming tempest. The sea birds flew hither and thither in wild excitement, their shrill, discordant cries mingled in strange chorus with the mournful howling of the storm that was already bursting on the desolate shore.

A crowd of men were gathered together on the sandy beach as near to the foaming line of breakers as safety would permit, watching with eager eyes the motions of a small boat which was struggling in the teeth of the huricane, trying hard to keep clear of the breakers and the treacherous shoals that lay under their seething foam. Nearer and nearer came the frail craft, apparently regardless of the warning cries of the men on the beach, but in reality hearing them not at all in the roaring of the sea and the shrieking of the wind. Many of the anxious spectators were fishermen, and all were life-long dwellers by that storm-swept bay, so often the scene of shipwreck and disaster.

All the other ships within sight were succeeding in keeping off shore; this one alone seemed unable to make head-way against the fierce gale or avoid the terrible breakers.

"My God, mates," cried one of the men on shore, "don't you see it's the Lucy Ann, Steve Brown's pilot boat! Can nothing be done to save her?" "What could be done?" was the sorrowful answer; "you know well there's ne'er a boat about here could put out in a sea like that. There's only one can help her now."

Meanwhile the doomed little vessel went swifter and swifter on her awful course, driven by the mighty force of the wind. Soon she dashed right into the outer line of the breakers and struck with a loud crash on the sandy shoal. A cry of mortal terror went up from her despairing crew, echoed no less fearfully from the helpless watchers on the shore, who began at once, nevertheless to

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prepare long coils of rope to cast into the sea in the hope of saving some, at least, of the crew, when the vessel went to pieces, which must be the affair of only a few minutes under the awful presence of wind and sea.

* * * * * * *

On board the Lucy Ann all was terror and confusion. Blank despair had taken the place of the desperate efforts of a little while before. Of the five men who formed the crew only one, the youngest of them all, turned his thoughts to the Supreme Helper; and he prayed with all his heart, for the fear of death was on every soul, stout and brave as they were in ordinary vicissitudes. For some time they had hoped that the crowd of men they saw on the beach—alas, how far off it seemed—might be able to help them. All too soon they perceived that nothing could be expected from that quarter. The boat was fast aground; sea and sky were alike pitiless.

"And oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her,"

where she lay helpless among the cruel breakers.

Then outspoke John Heffernan, the young seaman before referred to, and his voice rang clear through the storm: "Kneel down all of you and pray, if you never prayed before; it's our only chance now! Kneel down, I say! Don't you see the boat is going to pieces?"

And taking out his Scapular, which had a badge of the Sacred Heart attached to it, the young man called aloud on, Mary, Star of the Sea, and her divine son to save him—to save all. "Oh! why don't you pray, captain?" he cried with wild energy; "all of you; there's still time; soon it will be too late."

"Its too late now my boy," said Steve Brown, the captain, in a voice hoarse with agony and despair, "It's too late to begin now." So thought all the others if they did not say it, and in dogged determination they waited for the end, some scoffing to the last at the brave fellow, who, holding his Scapular and badge aloft continued in fervent supplication to the Merciful Heart of Jesus and His Compassionate Mother, others were sunk in the deadly stupor of despair.

The Lucy Ann pilot boat soon went to pieces and her crew disappeared one by one from the straining eyes on shore. A few

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hours later, when the storm had subsided sufficiently to venture near the wreck, a cry of joy went up from the fishermen who had put out in a boat to see if any of the sailors might have escaped. Clinging to a floating spar they found young Heffernan alive and well though much exhausted, his Scapular and badge still on the breast of his blue jacket where he had fastened them when washed into the sea. When asked for his companions he told them that all were lost. "They wouldn't pray," he said, "and they are all gone —gone! And if I'm saved," he added, "it's because of my Scapular and badge and the prayers I kept saying to the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel! Thanks and praises to them for ever more!" A fervent "Amen" rose in chorus from the lad's rescuers, all fervent Catholics.—*Mrs. J. Sadlier, in Carmelite Review.*

## FLOS CARMELI.

I fain would sing a quaint new song
Thy loving heart to greet,
I fain would call all flow'rets fair,
And lay them at thy feet.
And of the precious Virgin—gold
And shining jewels rare,
Would form a royal diadem
To grace thy forehead fair.
But, ah! the heart-strings seem unstrong
And faint the music now
I cannot place a golden crown
Upon thy queenly brow.
The fairest flowers fade too soon—
What shall the offerings be,
From this poor exiled child of earth,
O purest heart to thee?
I'll offer all the burning love
Of Jesus' heart for thine,
And in that golden censer place
The little spark of mine.
And these, O Heart Immaculate,
Shall be my gifts to thee,
Oh! pray thy Sweetest Son to grant
His love and thine to me.

—*Enfant De Marei, in Carmelite Review.*

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## LOOK TO THE STARS.

By M. M. G.

WHEN yet a child on mamma's lap
I gazed up in the sky,
And often wondered, why it was,
That stars were up so high,

And who it was, when night came on,
That lit them all so nice
Without a ladder to get up;—
It filled me with surprise.

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Then mamma in her loving way
Would say with great delight:
" 'Tis God, my child, who lives up there,
And makes them shine so bright,

That we may find, when it is dark,
The road we have to go,
Lest harm befall us far from home
And friends who love us so.

Again, my dear, God wants us all
To think of him above,
Like stars to walk the way He marked,
And thus return His love.

Now, if we do, the day shall come—
A day without a night—
When we like stars around God's throne
Shall give eternal light."

This lesson taught by mother dear
I never shall forget,
It cheers me when the day is spent,
And trouble I have met.

'Tis then my vision is on high,
I pierce the heav'nly dome,
I see my mother calling me,
Who left me here to roam.

Prayer teaches us the science of Jesus Christ, which is the love of the cross, poverty, patience, mortification, and the love of being despised.

There are many things which seem to us misfortunes, and which we call such, which we would consider graces if we understood the designs of God.

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## A PROBLEM IN THREES.

IF three little houses stood in a row,
With never a fence to divide,
And if each little house had three little maids
At play in the garden wide,
And if each little maid had three little cats
(Three times three times three.)
And if each little cat had three little kits,
How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little friends
With whom she loved to play,
And if each little friend had three little dolls
In dresses and ribbons gay,
And if friends and dolls and cats and kits
Were all invited to eat,
And if none of them should send regrets,
How many guests would there be? —*Our Boys and Girls.*

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## "TO THE LAND OF THE HEREAFTER."

A Simple Tale by M. J. Lochemes.

I.

ABOUT two hundred years ago the territory which is now embraced in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota was one vast wilderness covered with mighty forest-trees and waving prairie grass. The rivers flowed on their solitary pathway through the quiet regions whose silence was disturbed only now and then by the piercing cry of some Indian hunter or the splash of an oar in the placid waters of some woodland lake.

At that time a small band of the great Algonquin or Chippewa tribe of Indians had pitched their tents on the banks of the wild rushing Wisconsin River, not far from the place where its waters enter the majestic Mississippi.

It was autumn. Among the red and yellow leaves of the primeval forest stood a number of low tents covered with birch-bark and bison-skins. But round about these tents all was quiet. So deep and solemn was the silence that one could distinctly hear the melancholy and mysterious sighing of the autumn wind in the tree-tops and the gentle babbling of a neighboring brook as it wended its way to the river. The camp was deserted. According to custom, the Indians had gone upon a hunting expedition to provide supplies for the approaching winter. Hence the hush and quiet in and near the camp.

Not all, however, had left the camp. An old Indian squaw and two little children had remained behind. Old Nokomis had been too feeble to undertake the laborious expedition. Upon her own request she had been left in the camp and her two little grandchildren, a boy and a girl, who had but lately lost their parents, and over whom Nokomis watched with motherly care, had remained with her.

A beautiful autumn evening began to decend upon the silent

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world. The western sky was covered with a brilliant sea of crimson and gold flashing its glittering rays far in among the trunks of the hoary beeches and oaks of the ancient forest. At the opening of one of the tents sat old Nokomis, her eyes glistening strangely in the light of the evening sky. Not far from her sat Kwasind, her grandson, whittling a hickory stick to make a bow for his little hunting expeditions. At her side sat Nissowassa, her little granddaughter busily plaiting a mat of rushes.

When the light in the west was growing fainter, old Nokomis began to mutter by herself, and, at lenght, taking little Nissowassa's hand in her own, she said.

"Children, I will leave you sooner than I had thought. The "Great Spirit" will call me to himself. Then I will go to the beautiful land of the Hereafter of which I have so often told you.—Long, long ago, when I was a little girl, there came to our camp a strange, mysterious man. He was not like one of ours. The color of his skin was white as the newly fallen snow. His voice had a strange, sweet sound. About his body he wore a long black gown. In his hand he carried a staff, near the top of which was fastened a little cross-piece. His eye was so full of kindness and peace that we all thought he must be a messenger from the "Great Spirit." And so he proved to be. O how beautifully he spoke of the "Great Spirit" who had sent his son among men to show them the way to the "Great Spirit." In the land of the rising sun he appeared and taught the glad news. The white men of his own tribe were wicked men, for they put him to death by fastening him to the tree of ignominy. But the way to the land of the Hereafter was now known. And the "black-robe" told us that the good and kind son of the "Great Spirit" had sent him to us, his red children, that we, also, might find the way to the beautiful land of the Hereafter.—Yes, that was long, long ago!"

Nokomis paused and heaved a sigh. For some moments she sat there in silence gently nodding her head. Then, as if speaking in a dream, she continued.

"And then, one day, the "black-robe" took me and many others down to the river-side and, pouring water upon our heads, he whispered mysterious words in a foreign tongue. I was so happy, so happy!—My memory is weak; it is so long ago.—But one thing

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I still remember. It is the farewell of the good "black-robe." He called us together and spoke to us of his departure. He told us to be faithful to the "Great Spirit" and to his Son. He told us that he was going away to bring the glad news to our brothers in the west. Then, lifting up his hands, he blessed us and went away to the land of the setting sun. He never came back to us. No one of those who knew him is among the living to-day, no one but old Nokomis. O, it is long, long ago!"—

Again Nokomis was silent. Her head sank back upon a heap of rushes that had been piled up before the tent and her breathing grew deep and labored. It was a long time before she could speak again and, when at last she spoke, her words were scarcely audible. At times her breathing seemed to cease altogether.

"My children," she said, "be good and faithful! Then you, also, will go to the beautiful land of the Hereafter, the home of the "Great Spirit" in the land of the rising sun.—I am going now.—You shall follow me.—Some day I will come to get you."—

The last words died away in a whisper. Old Nokomis closed her eyes as if going to sleep. She ceased to breathe. Her hands were folded across her breast. Motionless she lay upon the bundle of rushes in the pale twilight; and at her side knelt Kwasind and Nissowassa staring in speechless amazement into the mysterious face of death.

II.

The withered leaves were beginning to sail from the trees when little Kwasind had at lenght succeeded in hollowing out a grave as he had seen others do when death had summoned a member of the tribe. Silently and mournfully the two little ones lowered the dead body of old Nokomis, into the earth and covered it with ground and autumn leaves.

Nissowassa was unconsolable, sobbing as if her little heart would break.

"Dont cry, little sister," said Kwasind; "we shall soon be with grandmother in the beautiful land. Dont you remember what she told us?"

"I do remember well," sobbed Nissowassa; "but it may be a long time before she will come to get us!—And perhaps our hunters, and the squaws, and the children will never return to the camp!—What think you, Kwasind? Could we not set out to find the land

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of the Hereafter?—You know it is towards the rising sun;—grandmother said so!—If we walk along briskly, we must reach it before long!"

Kwasind looked with astonishment upon Nissowassa. Never had he thought of that which she suggested. But his mind was soon made up.

"A splendid idea, little sister! But, tell me, can you bear to travel so far?"

"O yes, I can walk a thousand leagues and farther, if I but find grandmother Nokomis and the land of the Hereafter!" cried little Nissowassa with childish enthusiasm.

"It is well," said Kwasind with determination. "Let us go!"

The two children were soon prepared for their journey. Little did they think of the magnitude, not to say the absurdity, of their undertaking. With wonderful forethought Kwasina, however, provided himself with a quantity of roasted corn which he put into a leathern bag and hung around his neck. His bow and quiver he slung over his shoulders and in his belt he fastened a small flint-stone and a quantity of tinder to light a fire, if it should be needed. Little Nissowassa took nothing but a mat of rushes as a protection against the cold night air.—Thus equipped, the young travellers set out upon their journey towards the rising sun.

In a short time they reached the banks of the Wisconsin. Hidden among a cluster of bushes there lay a canoe of birch-bark. Kwasind knew this and at once went to fetch it. When he and Nissowassa had entered it, he rowed across the river and landed on a beach of white sand covered here and there with stunted trees. Kwasind drew the canoe ashore and concealed it among these trees; for he had seen the warriors of his tribe do so on other occassions.

Without further delay the two little wanderers now continued on their way. Whenever they felt hungry they would eat of the berries and fruits which the forest and prairie afforded at that late season of the year, reserving the corn, which they had brought with them, for later use. When night overtook them, Kwasind would collect a lot of dry branches and leaves and light a fire to keep off the wild beasts of the forests and then the children would quietly lie down to sleep among the bushes.

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Day after day thus came and went. Through wood and prairie, over brook and hill, the wanderers passed on. Red, and yellow and russet leaves covered the ground of the forests. Through the bare branches the cold blasts of the north-wind sang the requiem of the dying year and on the hill side, lone and forsaken, the last flower drowsily nodded its little head, as if about to go to sleep.

* * *

Snow as far as the eye could reach!—Glittering, eddying, whirling snow, covering the earth with its spotless winding-sheet!—The flakes came so thick and fast and the wind sang such weird melodies in the pines that our little wanderers were overcome by an indescribable fear. Nissowassa was hardly able to go any farther. But Kwasind, noticing this, grasped her by the hand and endeavored to push onthrough the driving clouds of snow. Thicker and faster the flakes came down, shutting out even the view of objects near at hand. With the utmost exertion of their strength the little ones pressed on. It was all in vain.

"I can go no farther!" moaned poor Nissowassa and a moment later her helpless form sank fainting in the snow.

Kwasind was resolved at once. Delay was dangerous. Mustering together all his strength, he bent down and raised Nissowassa on his shoulders. Without knowing in what direction he went, the boy staggered forward under his heavy burden. His breast heaved and sank convulsively, his little limbs trembled under him; but the brave fellow moved on and on.

At length he brought up at the foot of a tall pine. He could go no farther. Gently lifting the rigid body of little Nissowassa from his shoulders he placed her against the trunk of the tree and looked wistfully into her face. Her eyes were closed. He took her tiny hands into his. They were cold and stiff. He called her name; but not a trace of recognition could be read in the placid features of his little sister. Then a thought flashed through the brain of the little hero. Digging around in the snow he found a few sticks of wood which he eagerly tried to light with flint and tinder. But it was of no avail; for the wood was wet and did not burn. Helpless and holpless he knelt down beside his little sister and attempted to warm her hands and face with his breath. Soon, however, he felt himself overcome by a peculiarly drowsy feeling which he could

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not shake off and at last, completely exhausted by cold and fatigue, he sank into the snow by his sister's side.

## III.

It was near the shore of a great inland lake that Kwasin and Nissowassa had been overcome by exhaustion and cold. In a death-like stupor they lay at the foot of the old pine-tree for some time. All at once it seemed to them as if some one were holding some strengthening liquid to their lips. It seemed to revive their vanished powers. Gently their eyelids were raised, as if awaking from a deep slumber. Alas! it was only for a moment. But in that moment they had seen enough. Bending over them there stood a strange white man, dressed in a long dark garment, just as their grandmother Nokomis had described the messenger of the "Great Spirit."

A smile illumined the faces of the little ones. Was it at the thought that grandmother had sent the "black-robe" to take them to her.

As if in a dream, they heard the deep voice of a man crying, "It is too late, father!"—

"No, my friend," answered a sweet, melodious voice; "not yet too late!—There is still time to baptize them!—The good God be thanked for leading us hither on this blessed Christmas eve!—These little ones will bring our greetings to the Christ-child in the beautiful land of the Hereafter."

Having said this, the missionary took from his wallet as mall vial of holy water and, pouring it over the heads of the little Indian children, he repeated the sacramental words of regeneration.

An indescribable joy filled the hearts of Kwasind and Nissowassa at this moment. It seemed as if far out above the billowy lake the heavens stood ajar. Through the glittering gates they heard the sound of rapturous melody and presently they saw the shining figure of a little boy, beautiful beyond description, leading good grandmother Nokomis by the hand. Coming toward the children, the beautiful being smiled lovingly upon them; and grandmother nodded and beckoned to them.

"We are coming! We are coming!"—Thus it echoed in the hearts of the little ones. And, as their pure souls left their poor

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tenements of clay, they winged their flight toward heaven, the home of the "Great Spirit," the land of the Hereafter.

"May they rest in peace," said the priest.

"Amen," answered his companions.

On the steep shores of Lake Michigan the companions of the missionary dug a lonely grave and in it they buried the bodies of Kwasind and Nissowassa side by side. Then, having planted a rude cross of pine branches above the little mound, they departed towards the land of the setting sun.

## CLIMBING UP THE HILL.

Never look behind, boys,
Up and on the way!
Time enough for that, boys,
On some future day.
Though the way be long, boys,
Fight it with a will;
Never stop to look behind
When climbing up a hill.

—*Selected.*

The best way to get rid of the blues is not to own that they have you. Put on your hat and go for a walk. Call on a friend and take her the piece of music you are to try together, or the book you have just finished, which you would like to lend her. Do something kind for somebody, and stop thinking about yourself. The greatest waste of time in this world, dears, is to think too much about one's self. Mrs. Browning gives the right idea in her poem "My Kate," where she says,

"'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her." *Selected.*

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## CHOIR PRACTICE.

Josie, a nice girl of thirteen, who ever loved to be in company of little children, one day with the kind permission of her parents invited her many little cousins and friends, to spend an afternoon with her.

Josie had a knack of entertaining her little company that would amuse you. After they all got their wraps off and felt at home, they played such games as children know, and when they were tired of them, they sang nice songs.

In absence of an organ Josie fixed up a box to answer this purpose, then, in imitation of a choir-practice, handed a piece of sheet music or paper to the little ones, and requested Master Frank to be director, which he did cheerfully.

Frank's papa is quite musical and had given him instructions in music before, and so he was well able to fill the place of director. At a given sign with a stick in his hand, the singing would begin.

It is this moment that our picture represents.

Even little Hattie and Jennie and Jamesy, mere babies, took part in the exercise.

The children enjoyed themselves very much to judge from the smile on their faces.

Twards evening a lunch was served. A number of small tables were set with little plates and cups and saucers, relics of last Christmas.

In the middle of the table, at which Josie sat, thirteen tiny candles flickered to show the occasion was the celebration of her thirteenth birthday.

One of the boys even made a speech, whilst another placing his arms, under the speakers arms made the gestures. This caused great merriment.

About dark the papas, or older brothers and sisters came to see the little ones home.

There are few defects in our nature so glaring as not to be veiled from observation by politeness and good breeding.—*Stanislaus.*

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## THE LITTLE HAYMAKERS AND MILKMAIDS.

The children in this group look like farmers, but they are not farmers, they live in the city.

City children love the country and like to play haymakers and milkmaids.

They pull the grass from the lawns with their fingers, or cut it with a lawn-mower, then pile it on their little wagons and play horse.

Boys think it is nice to be a farmer and play in the hay. They think that all they must do is to put on a large straw-hat and overalls, then take a fork or rake or hoe and play on the lawns. They don't know how hard the farmer must work to make an honest living.

Little girls would like to be milkmaids and fill their pails with sweet milk and drink it all the time. They think that girls in the country must have a lovely time drinking milk, picking berries and flowers and nuts, and riding ponies.

Some children think it a shame to live in the country and wear poor clothes like farmers must at their work, they are proud and haughty children.

If it were not for the farmers we wouldn't have bread to eat.

Many of our presidents and other great men have been farmers. They grew up in the country; surrounded by God's beautiful nature and fresh air, their body and soul developed.

God loves the farmer who works and toils all day, and when night comes gives thanks to Him for His many blessings, for rain and sunshine which make the crops.

Your manners will depend very much upon the quality of what you frequently think on; for the soul is tinged and colored with the complexion of thought.—*Marcus Aurelins.*

An opportunity is like a pin in the sweepings—you can catch sight of it just as it flies away from you and gets buried again.—*Mrs. Whitney.*

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## DON'T FORGET TO PRAY.

By M. M. G.

When I behold a little child
That's on its knees and prays,
I'm carried back in memory
To scenes of child-hood days.

I see the old home as it was;
The room in which I slept,
The crucifix on yonder wall,
Which o'er me watch had kept.

I hear my mother's voice as clear,
As though 'twas now she said:
"'Tis time, my child, to say your prayer,
And then go right to bed."

I still remember that dear prayer,
That mother taught me then,
I've never failed to say it since
Wherever I have been.

Once far from home I had forgot'
To get down on my knee,
I couldn't sleep and knew not why,
When quick it dawned on me.

I rose at once and blessed myself
And did as in my youth,
Then all was good and I had rest.—
This is the honest truth.

I felt that kiss which mother used
To press upon my brow,
When soon I had a pleasant dream,
I cannot tell you how.

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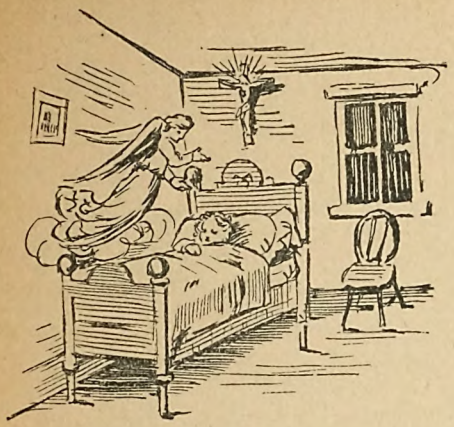
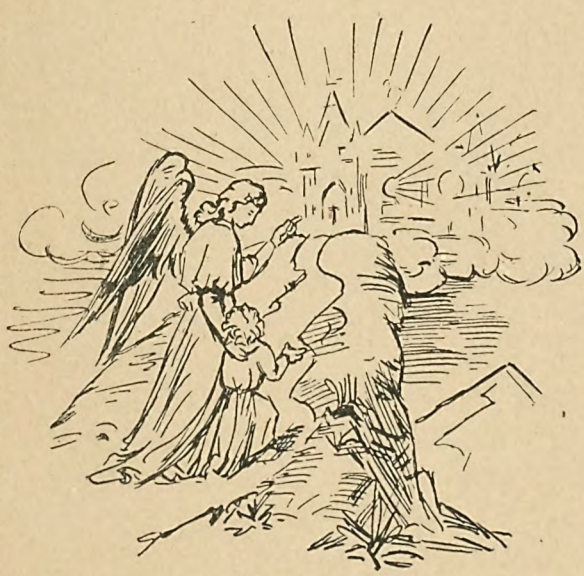


I saw an angel in my sleep,
He beconed me to go
With him at once and not to be
So awful—awful slow.

He led me 'long a narrow path,
'Way up a steep—steep hill,
Held fast my hand lest I would fall,
And soon he stood right still.

Before us was a great big house
So beautiful and nice,
To look at it a long—long while
Made tears come to my eyes.

The angel then knocked at the door,
When suddenly I saw
A thousand angels everywhere.—
It filled me just with awe.



And oh, the sights I saw that night,
The songs they sang so sweet;
To see and hear it now, I think,
Would dazzle me indeed.

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I never shall forget that dream
And what the angel said
Before he left me to myself,
Safe in my downy bed:

"The place you saw, guess what it was:
So beautiful and bright?
T'was heaven, yes, the home of those
Who pray each morn' and night."

T'was but a dream, yet it contains
A lesson for us all,
To always pray, it matters not,
If we be large or small.

## HOME POLITENESS.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy.

We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, instead of coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of our-selves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character.

We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habits of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting-room and the kitchen—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.

When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

—*Selected.*

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## SOME HINTS ON VOCATION.

BY REV. J. R.

What is vocation? How often do we hear this word pronounced, and still how few are there who understand its meaning or realize its importance? How often do we hear people say: I follow my vocation, I have a vocation for this or that state of life, and still, if you would ask them what they mean by this phrase, their answer would be very vague and unsatisfactory. And yet, it is of the utmost importance to know and understand what vocation is and what it means to follow one's vocation. If we analyze the very term we at once perceive that those are greatly mistaken who think that to follow our vocation means to follow our natural inclination or whim or to choose that State of life which is most congenial to our taste or disposition. Vocation is a Latin word, it is derived from *vocare*, (tocall,) and therefore means calling. But who is he that calls? It is not in the power of man to shape another man's fate or destiny, and so it cannot be in the power of man to call another man to a certain state of life. It is *God* who calls; for in His hands lie the destinies of man, of nations as well as of individuals. Without interfering with our free will he directs our lives and all our actions, and gently leads us to that field of labor in which we can best consult our true welfare and promote his honor and glory here on earth. Consequently every man receives a certain vocation; however small and insignificant he may appear in the great mass of humanity: he is called to serve God in a certain state of life. Therefore it is our duty to ascertain to what state of life God has called us; for although it cannot be denied that we can serve God and save our soul in every state of life, still it is equally certain that we can reach our aim and find true happiness much more easily in that state of life to which God has called us. For God in calling us to a certain state has also prepared for us those graces and that supernatural aid which will help us to promote his glory and to secure our eternal salvation. These graces we cannot expect to receive if we choose a state contrary to his holy and loving intentions.

So much the more carefully ought a young man to examine and weigh the *signs* of vocation that he may choose that state of

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life which after careful examination he has found to be the one to which God has called him. But how can he know the will of God, and who is able to tell him with absolute certainty in what state of life he will best secure his temporal and eternal happiness? It must be granted that in most cases we cannot speak of an absolute certainty; this we could not obtain without a special divine inspiration, which is a gift granted to very few chosen souls. In most cases we have only more or less probability or at most a moral certainty, according as the signs of vocation are more or less manifest.

If a young man had from his early childhood a strong and steady inclination to the ecclesiastical state, if he always felt a special delight in holy things, in the divine worship and the sacred ceremonies of the Church, and if at the same time his life and habits are in keeping with the dignity and holiness of the holy ministry; of such a one we rightly judge that he is called to the priesthood and that consequently he should use every effort to reach the exalted aim to which God has called him. The same may be applied to other states of life; for God who in his all-wise providence selects his creatures to carry out his loving designs manifests his will by certain signs, and it is for man to watch and study them. But this is not enough. If we cannot conceive any good thought or perform the least good work without the grace and assistance of God, how could we expect to solve the momentous question of our vocation without having recourse to the Father of light and the Author of all good gifts; without fervently invoking the assistance of the Holy Ghost? That prayer of the psalmist; "Make the way known to me wherein I should walk" should be continually on our lips when this great question of vocation lies before us. And while praying thus our mind must be so disposed as to be ready to follow the divine behest irrespective of our own wishes, or temporal advantages or losses; for a selfish mind seeks its ownself and not the fulfilment of God's holy will.

But as in his other works God does not act directly but through the instrumentality of men whom he chooses to carry out His designs, so also as regards our vocation, God lends his voice, so to speak, to some faithful friend, to affectionate and at the same time prudent parents or to him who takes the place and office of Christ

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in the sacred tribunal of penance. Not as if parents or friends had an exclusive right to dictate or determine our vocation, but their advice should not be slighted, for they often secure us against the vagaries of our imagination and the delusive siren-song of self love, which would make us mistake temporal emoluments for the voice of God and the duty of conscience. At least you should never neglect to consult your confessor or spiritual guide before you decide on a certain state of life, for he is expected to know the state of your soul, your good and evil habits and the dangers to your soul, to which this or that state of life would impose you. Young man, if you love yourself, do not slight this great and momentous question on whose solution may depend your temporal and eternal welfare. Remember:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

Do not listen to those who say: "Come and enjoy the good things that are present, and let not the flower of the time pass by you," but rather to the wise man who tells you: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." (Eccl. 11. 12, 1.)

Killing time is harder than sawing wood.

It is better to own a pair of patched trousers than to owe for a new suit.

As a man the boy who "talks back," never is heard.

Renew every day your resolution of aiming at perfection.

Blackened shoes make the feet look smaller.

When an employer sees a clean floor, he soon finds out who swept it.

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## KEEP THE DOOR WELL GUARDED.

Have you ever noticed how strong a street door is? how thick the wood is? how heavy the hinges? what large bolts it has? and what grim locks? If there was nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted, but, as you know there are things of value within and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting it at night.

We have a home—our hearts may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in and go out of our heart. Let us see what some of those bad things are.

Who is at the door? Ah, I know him! It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door and not let him in, or he will do us harm.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it was to mean for his notice. No, sir; we shall not let you in, so you may go.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You mill not come in sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house, sleep, and yawn life away, and bring me ruin. No, no, you idle fellow! work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in. But who is this? What a sweet smile! What a kind face! She looks like an angel! It is love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in! Come in! We must unbar the door for you. Oh, if children kept the door of their hearts shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and out as they do. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad. We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard—mind the door of your hearts.—*Selected.*

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## THE YEARS PASS ON.

"When I'm a woman you'll see what I'll do—
I'll be great, and good, and noble, and true;
I'll visit the sick, and relieve the poor,—
No one shall ever be turned from my door;
But I'm only a little girl now."
And so the years passed on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said,
"I'll try to do right and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys
Of the world, with all its dazzling toys;
But I'm only a young girl now."
And so the years passed on.

"Ah, me!" sighed a woman gray with years,
Her heart full of cares, and doubts, and fears;
"I've been putting off the time to be good.
Instead of beginning to do as I should;
And I'm an old woman now."
And so the years passed on.

Now is the time to begin to do right;
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright.
Make others happy by good deeds of love,
Looking to Jesus for help from above;
And then you'll be happy now,
And as the years pass on.

I never listen to calumnies, because, if they are untrue, I run the risk of being deceived, and if they are true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.

—*Montesquieu.*

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## FIVE LUMPS OF SUGAR.

When Ethel May waked on Monday morning, her mind was filled with an idea given by her teacher in Sunday school the day before. She had that rare style of a teacher who managed to interest her class in the lesson, and who gave, in a bright, cheerful manner, many hints which lodged firmly in the minds and hearts of her young hearers. Yesterday she had said to them:

"I think almost everybody in this world is either sugar or lemon. They sweeten things for other people, or make them sharp and sour. Now, I want every girl in this class to make up her mind to be sugar; and whenever she sees any one in trouble, or cross, or tired, or in any way wrong, just pop a great, big lump into that person's mouth, and see what will happen." The girls had laughed, but the impression remained, and Ethel May, waking that dismal, cold Monday morning, had quite made up her mind to try the plan. Being an imaginative child, she improved upon the idea in her mind, and by the time she was dressed, had decided to take five lumps of sugar with her that day, and if success warranted it, to double the number to-morrow. She soon used her first lump.

Tom, her younger brother, was grumbling away like an ill-natured bear. It was hard to go to school in this sleety rain and, somehow, things always seemed harder for Tom than anyone else; at least, he thought so. Just now it was his books he could not find, and he was dashing about in that helpless, masculine manner which develops so early. Although a good-natured child, Ethel ever concerned herself much with Tom's worries. There was always something for him to grumble over; but this morning, with a little feeling of curiosity as to the result, she decided to give her first lump of sugar to Tom. "I'll help you find them," she said, cheerily. "I think they are on the table in the library." Notwithstanding his emphatic assurance of having looked there a dozen times already, the missing books were found and given into his hands with out the tempting "I told you so"—that slice of lemon we slip so often into the mouth of our neighbor. His looks of relief and gruff thanks were her only rewards; but she did not mind that, and started off with a cheery "goodbye" to mother, who

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stood watching her from the window. It was not pleasant out of doors; for the sleety rain beat against her face, and she had a long walk before her.

So she scarcely heeded a little child who was timidly trying to cross a swollen drain, and the "Please help me over" struck her as rather an unpleasant interruption. Suddenly she remembered the sugar, and took out another lump. With ready hand and strong arm, she jumped the little girl over the gutter, and helped her to cross the slippery pavement, landing her safely on her own door-step; then, not waiting for thanks, hurried off to school. We all know how many opportunities of sweetening are given here. A kind word, a lesson help, a lunch shared, and you will not be surprised to find that when Ethel started for home, she had but one lump left of the five she had taken with her in the morning.

Thinking of this as she walked slowly along, determined to save it up for some great occasion, she was startled by such a prodigous roar near by that she nearly dropped her books in the street. The explanation was ludicrous. In the middle of a sloppy, half frozen pool, a little boy was seated, and it was wonderful to see how much noise could come from such a small cause. Farther up the street ran a larger boy, dragging a sled, and prancing in imitation of half a dozen wild horses, apparently unconscious of the fact that there was a passenger aboard who had been left behind.

"Oh dear!" Ethel thought, half regretfully, "Must my last lump go to comfort that little rascal!" Her hesitation was but momentary, then, stooping down, she lifted the small traveler to his feet, and sent a call after the runaway steed, which brought him to a full stop.

But it was not easy to comfort the little fellow; he was completely under way, and his mouth opened again for another roar, which closed abruptly, for into the yawning cavern was pushed something soft and sweet, and the yell could be postponed untill that was settled. The other boy now joined them, and to him Ethel delivered a little lecture, sweetened with another chocolate drop, then started the pair off again, seemingly on the best terms. "Now I am out of sugar," she said to herself, and must hurry home as fast as I can for fear of seeing some one I can not help

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That night, while talking things over with mother, she told her of the teacher's idea, and her own manner of carrying it out.

"But, dear me, mother," she added with a merry laugh, "it will never do to limit one's self to five, or ten, or twenty lumps. One must just carry the whole sugar bowl along."

—*Selected.*

## LAMENT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

My brother Will, he used to be
  The nicest kind of girl;
He wore a little dress like me,
  And had his hair in curl,
We played with dolls and tea set then,
  And every kind of toy;
But all those good old times are gone—
  Will turned into a boy.

Mamma has made him little suits,
  With pockets in the pants,
And cut off all his yellow curls
  And sent them to my aunts;
And Will, he was so pleased, I believe,
  He almost jumped with joy;
But I must own I didn't like
  Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops
  I don't know how to spin,
And marbles that I try to shoot,
  But never hit or win;
And leap-frog—I can't give a "back,"
  Like Charley, Frank or Roy—
Oh, no one knows how bad I feel
  Since Will has turned a boy.

I have to wear frocks just the same,
  And now they're mostly white;
I have to sit and just be good,
  While Will can climb and fight,
But I must keep my dresses nice,
  And wear my hair in curl,
And worse—Oh, worsest thing of all—
  I have to stay a girl.

—*Selected.*

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## JOEY'S LAST DREAM.

BY M. M. G.

"Listen mamma to the angels
Singing sweetly 'bout my head,—
Oh! how beautiful the music—"
Joey said in little bed.

"I can see them—Oh, how lovely!
Never was the room so bright.
Can't you see them, mamma darling,
Coming nearer to my right?"

"Now I hear them calling softly,—
'Come with us, dear little Joe!'
Can I join them, mamma darling?
Do say yes, before they go."

"Papa kind, I know, will miss me
But do tell him not to weep;—
I will pray for him and watch him
When at work and in his sleep."

"Good-by mamma, good-by papa,
Take one parting kiss from me;
We will meet again and never
Separate, when God we'll see."

Now a hush and all is over;
One more sigh and one deep breath
Pale the lips we kissed so often,
Close the dark blue eyes in death.

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## A WAY TO GROW WISE.

Most boys and girls are fond of good books; but many of them, when they have read a volume through, toss it quickly aside, and without giving a second thought to the contents of its pages, hasten away in search of some new entertainment.

I want to give a bit of advice on this subject of reading, which I hope some of my readers will follow.

You all wish to become intelligent and well informed men and women; it is for this end that we all learn to read. But to succeed in our ambition we must not only know *how to read, but how to make use of what we read.*

The writings of all the learned men in the world could not make us wise if our minds were not trained to think, reason and remember.

So here is my advice. After reading a book or article, give two or three minutes quiet thought to the subject; see how much of it you can remember, and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts or interesting points that attracted your attention, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply on the memory; so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas.

Form the good habit of reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory and teaches concentration of thought.

You will soon learn in this way to think and reason intelligently, and to separate and classify different kinds of information.

Now, shut your eyes and see if you can remember my advice.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Each man in his sphere, however narrow or extended, will find that his fellow-men weigh his character and his abilities often, and unconsciously stamp him with their estimate; and that the average resultant of these frequent averages is just.

—*E. Pirrepont.*

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## BOOKS—GOOD COMPANIONS.

There are few things that equal in value an accurate, retentive memory. It is in youth that this faculty is trained, and one of the best methods of strengthening it, is the habit of learning by heart passages in poetry and prose from authors we admire. What we learn in youth we easily remember; mental impressions made at that period do not fade. If they are impressions of noble thoughts clothed in noble language, we are laying up a stock of intellectual pleasure in the beginning of life which can be enjoyed at the other end of it. Knowledge is like a deposit of money in a bank: It can be used whenever it is needed. All kinds of knowledge may be found in books. Good books are the best of companions in sickness, in misfortune, in trouble, in sorrow or in loneliness. As a boy is known by the company he keeps, so is he judged by the books he reads. Don't read bad books. Many a boy has been led into wicked paths by reading one bad book. Read good books; those with good morals. They will help you to think pure thoughts, encourage you to do good deeds and lift your mind to a higher, and purer plane. Talk about what you have read to others, and that will help you to remember it.

—*Illinois Idea.*

## "OUR LADY'S BEADS."

OFT when the world seems bright and dear,
And wily Satan with me pleads,
I've found sweet peace, relief from fear,
By counting o'er "Our Lady's Beads."

Bright precious gems to me they are,
They know my secrets and my needs;
No earthly friends I'd trust so far
As those mute stones, "Our Lady's Beads."

A simple chaplet, old and stained,
Yet oft for me it intercedes,
And oft rich blessings I've obtained
Through telling o'er its sacred beads.

And when at length grim monster Death,
Shall bid me follow where he leads,
May earthly sun upon me set
While breathing forth "Our Lady's Beads."

—*P. J. C. in The Rosary.*

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## CHRISTMAS EVE.

OF all the days in the year there is none which children like better than Christmas-day. Oh, how they do wish for that day, and how eagerly they look forward for "Christ Kindel" or "Santa Claus."

For weeks and weeks they pray, and write letters to Santa Claus, and tell him all they would like him to bring them.

They promise their mamma and papa to be good children if they will not complain of them to Santa Claus.

"Mamma dear, won't you tell Santa Claus that I displeased papa, or broke a dish, or disobeyed you, if I will be real good till Christmas."

And if mamma with a smile assents to the wish "I will not, dear"—how happy will the child be. And if at times it forgets its resolution, how anxiously it will make up by giving mamma more love and an extra kiss.

O days of childhood, happy days!

Christmas eve at length approaches. The dingle of the little bell has been heard. Santa Claus must be in the front room.

Pale and trembling the little ones rush for mamma and cling to her hand and dress, and push her forward to where tiny little candles in all colors shine forth from a tree, laden with all kinds of toys and bon-bons.

About the room in every direction are to be seen the many presents for the good children. In the corner a hobby horse for good little Norbert, a baby carriage and dolly for Annie, building blocks for Eddie and Wallie; then boots and shoes and clothes and jewelry on the table for the larger ones. Oh, how happy they are, how they laugh and sing and play! It is almost impossible to bring them to bed. Only after telling them that Santa Claus will again take the presents if they do not mind, they are finally seen marching to the bedroom in their night gown, taking all the good things to bed with them.

Before the break of day they are already up, dressing dolly or getting ready for church.

An hour later you can see them before the crib, singing or praying to little Jesus in the manger, surrounded by an ocean of light.

## OFF FOR SLUMBER LAND.

The first train leaves at six p. m.,
For the land where the poppy blows,
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle, a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks, and nods, and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

At eight p. m. the next train starts
For the poppy land afar,
The summons clear falls on the ear;
"All aboard for the sleeping car."

"But what is the fare to poppy land?
I hope it is not too dear."
The fare is this— a hug and a kiss—
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of him who children took
On his knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight."

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear,
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."—*Selected.*

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## NORA'S BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

Little Nora was a good girl. She was up bright and early each morning; even in winter when it was cold, and other children loved to be in bed. Scarcely ever did she fail to attend Mass before going to school.

Nora had a great many friends. Her teachers at school liked her because she always knew her lessons and generally held the first place.

She was a favorite with the neighbors. Whenever she could be of any help to them, she would be happy. She would do errands for them, play with the children and watch them.

Nora's papa and mamma were proud of their good child. They would buy her nice things, take her with them for a walk, and have a teacher come to the house to give her piano lessons.

One day her mamma said:—"Nora, next week will be your birth-day, you shall then be ten years of age; I have been thinking some of celebrating it. How would you like it?" Nora was overjoyed and exclaimed: "O do, mamma dear, you are so good" kindly embracing and kissing her,—"we will have just a lovely time. I will invite Alma and Hilda and— Abbie and— Ida and— Clara and a lots more, and won't we be happy! Just think of it mamma! We will play all kinds of games, and you, mamma dear, will bake cookies and cakes, and I'll give a coffy. Won't that be delightful?"

Nora's birthday came, and shortly after two o'clock her many friends, who had been invited, made their appearance.

Nora had dressed like a grandma, and, knitting a stocking she sat in the old arm chair, when the little friends entered to present her with gifts, as customary at 'Birthday Parties.'

### A MODEL CHILD.

Her temper's always sunny, her hair is ever neat;
She doesn't care for candy—she says it is too sweet.
he loves to study lessons—her sums are always right;
And she gladly goes to bed at eight every single night!
Her apron's never tumbled; her hands are always clean,
With buttons missing from her shoes she never has been.

She remembers to say "Thank you," and "Yes, ma'am, if you please;"
She never cries, nor frets, nor whines, she's never been known to tease.
Each night upon the closet shelf she puts away her toys;
She never slams the parlor door, nor makes the slightest noise;
But she loves to run on errands and to play with little brother,
And she's never in her life been known to disobey her mother.

"Who is this charming little maid?
I long to grasp her hand!
She's the daughter of Mr. Nobody,
And she lives in nowhere land!—*Helen Hopkins.*

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## WHAT A BOOK SAID.

Once on a time a Library Book was overheard talking to a little child who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little child borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing the place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little Book Mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little children after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

—*Illinois Idea.*

Fifteen mysteries, on fifteen
Decades of Blessed beads,
The Rosary makes; he says it best
Who best each mystery heeds.

Five joyful mysteries, like five
Spring roses, snowy white,
Tell of the Holy Infancy
Of Jesus with delight.

Five mysteries sorrowful, like five
June roses, deep, and red,
Tell of our Saviour's sufferings,
And how for us He bled.

Five mysteries glorious, like five
Large roses, tint like gold,
The resurrection wonderful
And bliss of Heaven unfold.

—*Eliza Allen Starr.*

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## PRESS FORWARD.

Robert and James were cousins. One day, while they were spending their summer in the country at their uncle's house, they went into the woods to look for young rabbits. If they had asked any of the boys who lived in the neighborhood about it, they would not have been so foolish, for there were no young rabbits there. They had all grown up and run away long before.

But Robert and James did not know this, and they were too vain to ask anybody about it. In wandering about the woods, they soon got lost, and when it began to grow dark, Robert sat down and cried. But James, who was more persevering, said there was some light yet, and they might find the path out of the woods.

They did finally find a little path, but Robert then cried louder than ever, for it was so dark that they could see but a few feet before them. James left him sitting on a log and followed the path carefully. It soon became wider and plainer, and he shouted to Robert to come on, but he had not the courage. James followed the path and found that it led straight to his uncle's house. He told were Robert was, and his uncle went and brought him home.

Then his uncle praised James and scolded Robert, saying "Never fear to do your duty. Though the way may not be plain, it will become plainer as you go on. God will show you the way if you will only resolve to go on. You will never accomplish anything by sitting still and crying."

—*Worthington's Annual.*

The roses of summer are faded, quite gone,
Not a lingering bud can we see;
But the hedges of autumn are gay in the sun,
They are blooming, sweet Lady, for thee.

The asters in pomp of variety stand
Where the Golden Rod's sceptre appears,
While low in the meadow, "Our Lady's fringed eye"
Is still lifted in beauty and tears.

The fairest and freshest from meadow and hedge,
On thy altar, Blessed Mother, we lay,
For Mary is Queen of the Angels, and we
Keep the feast of our angels to-day.

Oh, teach us, bright guardians, that song of delight
Which was ancient when Eden was new,
And Mary will offer the praises we sing,
In concert, dear Angels, with you.

—*Eliza Allen Starr*

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## BE SAVING IN LITTLE THINGS.

One day a young man was looking for a place in a large city. He went into a bank and asked the banker if he could give him a place. The banker said that he could not, because the places in his bank were all filled. The young man walked slowly out of the bank. He looked very sad. The banker watched him. When he reached the door, he saw a pin on the floor. He stooped down, picked it up and carefully stuck it into the lapel of his coat. The banker saw him do this. He thought that the young man was very careful and very saving in little things. It made him think that he would be a good man to work in the bank. He called him back and asked him what his name was and where he lived. In a few days he wrote a letter to him and told him that he had a place for him in the bank. The young man came and began to work. He was very careful, honest, industrious and faithful. The banker was very much pleased with him. After a time he promoted him to a higher position with more pay. Finally he became one of the partners in the bank. He became very rich.

If we are very careful in little things when we are young, we shall be useful when we grow older.

—*Selected.*

A plump little girl and a thin little bird
Were out in the meadow together.
"How cold that poor little bird must be
Without any clothes like mine," said she,
"Although it is sunshine weather."

"A nice little girl is that," said he,
"But oh, how cold she must be!
For, see,
She hasn't a single feather!"—
So each shivered to think of the other poor thing,
Although it was sunshiny weather.

—*From St. Nicholas.*

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## BE CONTENTED.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gayly dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would give, if I could—
I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight
While humming a love breathing air.

She looked on the carriage, the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our times we employ,
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

—*Selected.*

The first boy to quit work is usually the last to be promoted.

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## A PICTURE OF THE MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL.

BY REV. JOSEPH SELINGER.

Early one morning a child was standing before a picture of the Blessed Mother of God. A kind sister had hung the picture in the little bed-room of the child the evening before in order to surprise it in the morning. It stood there looking at the picture in surprise for quite awhile.

The rain-bow that ran in a half-circle on the brown-golden back-ground was marked off by a line of blue running straight across the top of the picture. Immediately around the Virgin's head was a circle of golden rays. The rays around the head of the child in the arms of the Virgin were interlaced by a red cross. The forms of mother and of child were enclosed by a precious garment in graceful folds. Its inside was lined with green, its hem was of gold, while its outside was white flushed with various shades. Only the head and waist of the Blessed Virgin and of the child, Jesus, were visible through the frame. The waist of the Blessed Virgin was bluish green, the dress of the child Jesus, was red. Around the neck of the Virgin a golden border was visible, while the dress of the child, Jesus, was embroidered with beautiful stitch-work. The head of the child Jesus, leaned gently on the left cheek of its Blessed-Mother, its right arm was folded around her neck, while its left hand held to her collor. The hair of Mother and of child was auburn slightly tinged in red. The large blue eyes of the child, Jesus, were wide open, while the eyes of its Mother were half-closed, the lids falling over the eyes seemed to stop half-way in a pensive mood. The oval, not too plump, face of the child appeared very like the face of its Mother; except that deep down in its own lines it had an expression of strength and energy, accompanied with a merciful, but irresistable power which contrasted very much against the mild, resigned gentleness of the Mother looking love and sympathy personified. The lips of both, child and Mother, were drawn with such regular curves, and joined so delicately, being colored with such exquisite, life-like beauty, that our little admirer got right on a chair to kiss them. At that moment the sister who had hung the picture entered: "What are you trying to do, dear?" "Why," replied the child, "that Lady and child look as though they want

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to talk to me." "Of course, you must talk to them," the sister said, "they can hear what you say, and they love you very much." "But why do they not tell me their name, and what they want?" asked the child. "You certainly know their name already," the sister answered. "The Lady is our Blessed Mother, Mary, and the child is her divine Son, Jesus, who came down from Heaven to tell us how we must live that we too might come to His home in Heaven. They have no need of our help, but their only desire is to help us." "Can they see me from that picture?" the child curiously inquired. "O yes," the sister went on to explain. "If you converse with them in the morning and evening they will tell you many nice things. They will assist you at your lessons; they will watch over you and protect you wherever you go." "But they cannot go with me; they are not alive!" the child exclaimed. "Truly, the picture itself cannot follow you up, but the Blessed Mother and the child Jesus who are in Heaven go with you and preserve you from all evil, if you are an obedient and a pious child. That picture is only to remind you of your good Mother in Heaven and of your merciful Saviour. You must often pray at this picture which will keep you from distraction while you look at it and keep your mind on the Blessed Mother of God and on the child, Jesus, every time you look at it or think on it." "Is the picture of the Blessed Virgin with the moon under her feet and a crown of stars around her head, which Mamma has in her room, the same Blessed Virgin which I have here?" the child now anxiously asked. "Yes, dear!" the sister continued. "There is only one Blessed Virgin, Mary, but she has many titles as you know from the Litany of the Blessed Virgin which we often recite." "Why then do they make such different pictures of our Blessed Mother?" the child wanted to know. "Because," the sister said, "the Blessed Virgin was once a little child like you are now; then a grown girl like I am, then a mother like mamma is, and so you see, she can be represented in these different times of her life. Besides, she had so many good qualities, she was so holy, so pure, so chaste that a thousand different pictures could be painted of her, yet never could the painters represent her as she really is. Then, the Blessed Virgin, because she is our Mother also, has such affection and such a care for us that it is impossible for artists to express all that in one single picture. There is another reason why there are so many different pictures of the

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Blessed Virgin which I will tell you. There are many places on this earth where the Blessed Virgin was pleased to show her kindness in a special manner. For instance there is the Blessed Virgin of Lourdes a little town in Southern France where the Blessed Virgin appeared to a small girl by the name of Bernadette. Then, there is the Blessed Virgin of Genazzano a village in the mountains near Rome where the Holy-Father, the pope, lives. The picture of the Blessed Virgin in Genazzano is called the picture of the Mother of Good Counsel. Now your picture there is a copy of the Mother of Good Counsel. When you are in doubt, therefore, and do not know what to do; when it is so hard for you to decide what you want to become when you grow up, then you must pray to the Mother of Good Counsel, and she will give you better advice than all men put together; and she has more power to help you carry out her advice than all the money in the world." The child hardly stirred while its sister gave the explanation. It promised heartily to pray often to this picture.

Indeed, how few parents know the value of religious pictures; and how few can make their meaning clear to the simple minds of their children. As a matter of fact children always keep the pictures of their homes in fond memory. Although grand masterpieces may come under their notice later in life, yet the impressions of the plain pictures of the Virgin and of the Saviour in the humble homes of their parents continue to influence them for good. How sad too that parents often sow the seed of evil in the hearts of their children by the nude pictures of profane art.

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### DID GOD FORGET?

A little maid with yellow hair,
One cold and stormy winter's day,
Stood at the window on a chair,
And watched the birds across the way.

When all at once the sweet, blue eyes
With sudden tears began to fill;
And mamma cried in great surprise:
"Why, darling, tell me—are you ill?"

"No, mamma, but God has forgot
About the little birdie's toes;
They've got no shoes on, and they o't
To go right home, or they'll be froze!

—*H. Coyle.*

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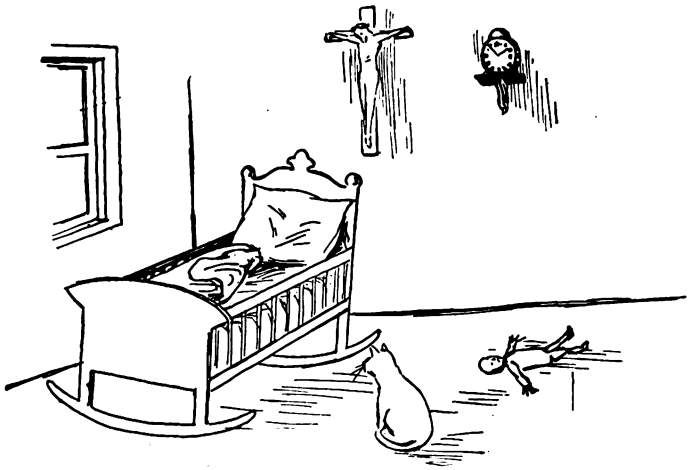
## LITTLE JOE IS GONE.

By M. M. G.



Empty is the little cradel,
Wicked death has aimed a blow;
Broken is the heart of mamma,
God has taken little Joe.

No more welcomes for good papa
Whom she kissed in childish glee,
When, returning in the evening,
He would rock her on his knee.

Oh, how still in ev'ry corner,
Not a cry is heard all day;
Even little pussy misses
Joe, who teased her when at play.

Dolly has been waiting for her
Ever since she said 'good bye'!
Every thing now seems to ask you,
"Where has baby gone, and why?"

"Tick-ti-tick," the old clock answers
From the shelf, "she's gone before,
In this world of toil and sorrow
You shall see her nevermore."

Often in the night when dreaming
Papa, mamma see their love,
It is faith that whispers gently—
"You shall meet in realms above."

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# SHORT STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY UNCLE MATT.

## GEORGIE, THE LITTLE MISCHIEF.

### GEORGIE AND HIS DOG ROVER.

Georgie was the son of good parents, who lived near the city in a quiet place.

Georgie's papa worked in the city, but he came home every evening.

He was a great friend of children, and when the little ones spied him in the distance, they would leave their play and books and run to meet and greet him.

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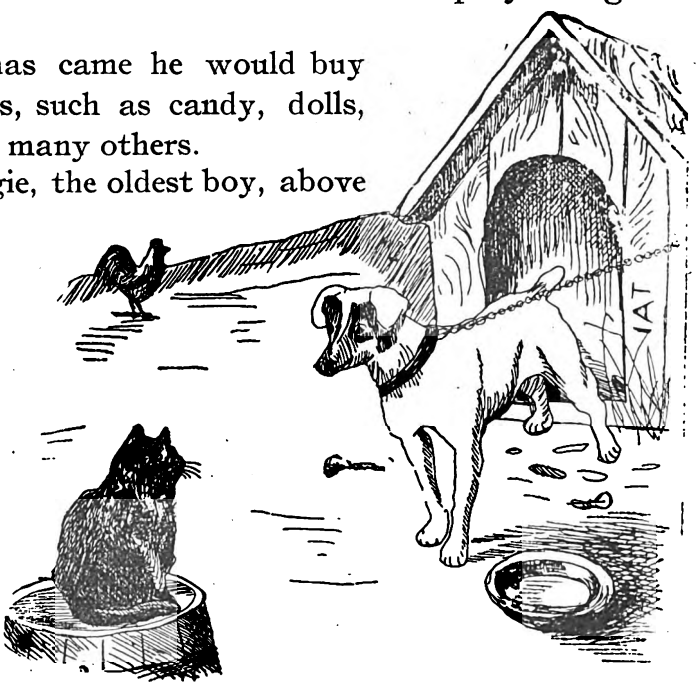
He would play with them till it were time to pray and go to bed.

When Christmas came he would buy them nice presents, such as candy, dolls, picture books, and many others.

He loved Georgie, the oldest boy, above all.



One evening he came home with a dog at a string for Georgie.

Georgie was never so happy in his life; he had often asked his papa to buy him a dog to play with.

Georgie called the dog Rover. Rover was a faithful animal and very clever.

At night, and when Georgie would be at school, Rover would be fastened with a chain to a little house that Georgie had made for him with pieces of boards from old boxes.

On Saturdays and other days after school, Georgie would spend all his time training Rover. When Rover was quite young, Georgie would take a mirror and let Rover see himself and make him fight with his image. Then when he grew up he would make him jump through a hoop, as he had seen dogs do in the circus, stand on his head, sit on his hind legs and smoke a pipe.

Rover could do a great many funny tricks. He would pretend he was deaf when his master told him to do so. He would put one of his paws behind his ear just as you have seen your grandma do when she wanted to hear what was said.

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It was very funny to see him do this, and every one would laugh.

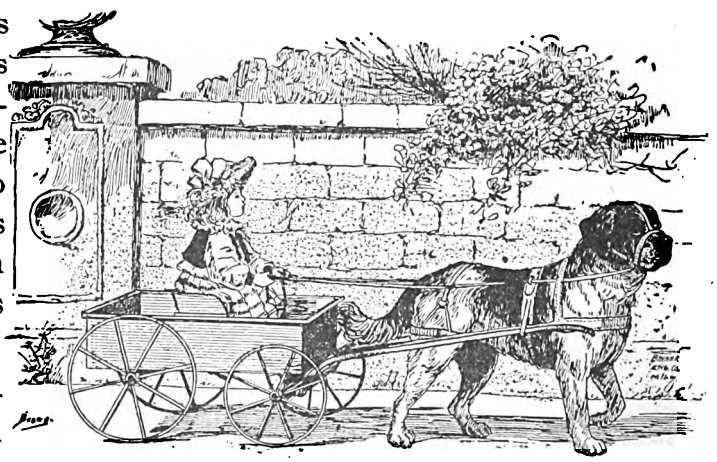
He could jump the rope too. Georgie's sisters would turn the rope for him. Sometimes the rope would trip him and make him fall down. Then they would laugh, and Rover would bark and bark, and run through the room as quick as he could.

Georgie had taught Rover some useful tricks too.

Rover would take a basket with his mouth and carry it to the store behind his master. Again he would draw a little wagon with Hattie, Georgies youngest sister, in it just as nice as a pony.

How lonesome Georgie would be without dear Rover?

Georgie knows this and takes good care of Rover his friend. He is always kind to him, never whips him, feeds him well and keeps his house in repair.



When other children look on and

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watch Rover doing tricks, then Georgie is proud and pets Rover. I never knew two better companions than Georgie and Rover.

### GEORGIE AND HIS EXPERIENCE WITH HIS DOG ROVER AND A GANDER.

When Georgie was about eight years of age he was a pretty wild boy. There wasnt' a day but he got himself or somebody else into trouble.

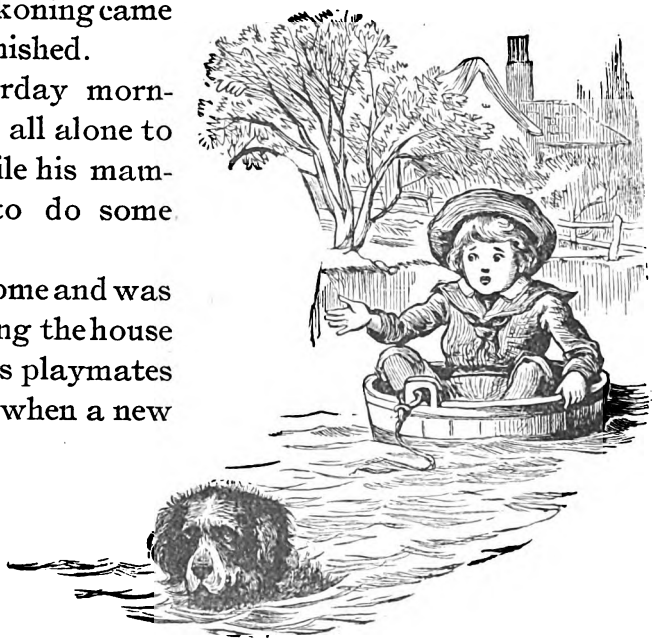
At school he would quarrel with the boys and fight. On the street he would throw stones and sticks at dogs and break windows. At home he would play tricks on his brothers and sisters and annoy his mother.

But the day of reckoning came and Georgie was punished.

It was on a Saturday morning that he was home all alone to watch the house, while his mamma was up town to do some shopping.

He felt very lonesome and was just thinking of leaving the house to look up some of his playmates in the neighborhood, when a new idea dawned on him.

Rover, Georgie's best companion, just came up the lane.



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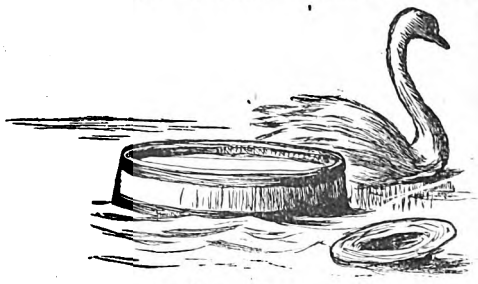
Georgie cut a piece from the wash line, fastened it about Rover's neck in the shape of a harness, then tied it to a wash-tub, which was to be the wagon. He then got into the tub, swung his long whip and ordered Rover to go.

But Rover could not, the tub being without wheels, and Georgie in, it was too heavy.

Our hero was not discouraged. He helped Rover pull the tub to a pond near by and tried it again.

Rover was fond of water and soon swam to the middle of the pond with Georgie in the tub.



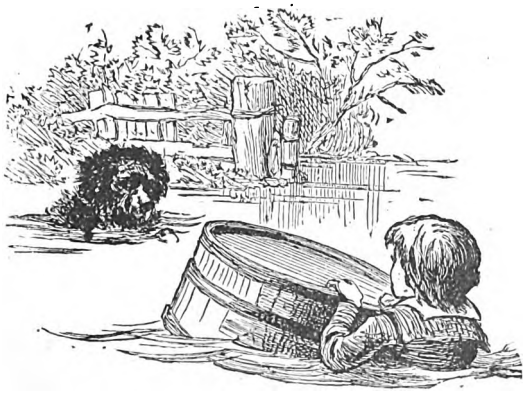
Georgie enjoyed his trip and shouted that all the neighbors could hear him, when suddenly an old gander who felt as though the pond was his own began to pursue the intruder.

Georgie was frightened, and in a moment of excitement got too far to the side of the tub and was dumped into the dirty water.

Oh, how he screamed!

He had learned to swim and that saved his life. With hard work he succeeded in getting hold of the tub and was pulled ashore by his friend Rover.

When his mamma returned in the evening she soon heard from all the neighbors what had happened, but did not pity Georgie; she even punished him more. She made him go to bed without supper, and told him to be a good boy the next time and mind the house when he was told.



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This was a good lesson for Georgie, and he tried real hard to be a good boy and keep out of trouble.

## GEORGIE AND ROVER PLAYING BALL, AND WHAT HAPPENED.

It was Georgie's first summer vacation. He and his schoolmates had spent the afternoon at the lake trying to catch fish, but luck was against them.

Georgie's mamma had often told him not to go near the water, but the other boys teased him till he went.

"I knew we wouldn't catch any fish when we started out"—said Georgie. "How can any one expect to have luck, when he disobeys his parents? Didn't Sister tell us at school before vacation to be good children and always to mind our parents; not to go anywhere against their will, for fear that God would punish us and something happen us. Little Tommy might as well have been drowned when he fell into the lake. If the man with the boat hadn't been near, Tommy surely would be a dead boy now. I will never disobey again."

This was the kind of a boy that Georgie was, he knew, and he knew it well, that it was wrong and sinful not to mind, even though he was only a boy of eight, but he never thought of it till it was too late, and the mischief done. Then he would be sorry.

(Continued on page 94.)

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## DOLLY'S WASHDAY.

The little girls in our picture are having washday. They have met to wash the clothes of their dolls. Of course, they are only playing, but their play is of a useful kind. And so it should be—at least at times.

Little girls must begin in their earliest youth to acquire a thorough knowledge of housekeeping.

All little girls should aspire to be ladies. Some have a wrong idea of a lady. They think a lady must not work, and they will assume the indolent airs of a lady at ease, while their mother is nearly killed with the hard work of the kitchen. Now this is certainly wrong. A good girl will never allow herself to follow such a selfish course, but will take some share in the toils and cares of the household, even though she be very young and unable to do much. This will tend to make her strong and self reliant, and a useful member of society.

A practical writer, referring to this subject, thus alludes to the sensible girl: "She is not merely a doll to be petted, or a bird to be supported; but, though she may be blessed with a father, able and willing to care for her in every want, she cultivates her capabilities. She seeks to prepare herself for possibilities, and, though she may not need to, she qualifies herself to feed and clothe herself, so that, if left alone, she can stand upon her own feet, dependent upon no human being. With the multiplied ways of honest toil now open for young women, it seems quite excuseless for anyone of them to be helpless.

There are few nobler sights than that of a young woman who, though she may have a good home with father and mother who are willing to indulge her to the utmost, realizing the limitation of their means, and their hard self-denial; says: 'Father shall not be burdened by me; I will be self-reliant and clothe myself; yea, I will help him pay the farm, help him educate the younger children!' Such a one is a thousand times superior to the pale fingered, befrizzed, bejeweled substitutes for young women, who are good for nothing but to spend a fathers hard-earned money."

## JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Lord, for to-morrow and its need,
I do not pray;
Keep me from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will—
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day. —*Selected.*

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## PASSING UNDER THE ARCH.

THE children in our picture are having a nice time, and their pleasant faces show that they are enjoying it.

It is a fine day in summer vacation, and they have met on a friend's lawn to play games. They are playing 'Passing under the arch,' a game much like 'London Bridge.' Mattie and Villa, the tallest boy and girl in the party, have joined their hands and raised them high to form an arch. The others in pairs pass under the arch, and, after passing, circle to the right and left to pass under it again and again.

Whilst they are marching they all sing with loud voices:

"Merrily we go around, go around, go around,
Merrily we go around, till some of us are caught."

At the word *caught* Mattie and Villa lower their hands, and whosoever happens to be caught will have to take Mattie and Villa's place and form the arch, whilst they will join in the happy circle.

Many children are too fond of play. It is play all the time. They would rather grow up ignorant and play than go to school and study.

During the day when their parents order them to do an errand and call them from play, they will pout and go about their work with a long face. When evening comes, and it is time to retire, they will cry when their papa or mamma interrupts their game and tells them to say their prayer and go to bed.

Now, this is wrong, and a good child will never act thus. It will love to pray when it is time to pray, and it will gladly work when it is time to work, at home or school.

Such a child will enjoy its play and recreation more than children that are too fond of play. It will have a good conscience, knowing that it is doing what is right. Even God and the angels will enjoy such a child's innocent play. Its play will be like a prayer.

People often say:—"Let the little ones enjoy themselves whilst they can, before the troubles of life cast a gloom on their way." This is indeed so, but we must remember that youth is the most important time of our lives; a time in which we are to learn and acquire habits of virtue and industry.

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On his way home he played ball with Rover and soon forgot about little Tommy's narrow escape. He would take the ball and throw it with all his might up the street and make Rover chase after it.

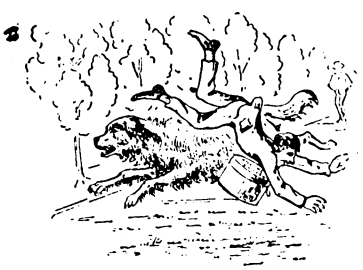
He had often been warned by old people, whom he had caused annoyance.

Just now a gentleman, who was coming down the street and carrying a hat box, reproached him for his rude way of acting.

He promised not to do it again and went his way whistling a catchy tune.

Rover walked by his side and attemped to take the ball from his hand, when, instantly, Georgie, forgetting all about the lesson of a few moments ago, gave one jerk, which sent the ball rolling up the street like a streak of lightning.

Rover made a blind leap and ran up against the gentleman with the hat box.



The gentleman, trying to save himself, dropped the hat-box, but unable to keep his balance, fell on top of it and crushed the hat, which by the way was a silk hat, as flat as a pancake.

Georgie ran for all he was worth. He escaped the clutches of the man with the hat, but not the anger of his father, who soon heard all about what had happened.

I need not tell you that he was severely punished.

The ball was taken from him, and Rover, his best friend, sold.

Georgie cried for days. He would rather have taken a dozen whippings and fasted from supper for a month, than lose Rover.

When Rover was gone, he spent most of his time near home, playing pullaway and other games when his friends came to see him.

Sometimes, too, he would give his sister Hattie a swing, when she would ask him, because she was tired playing alone.

He thought much more of Hattie since Rover was gone, she was his pet now. And when winter came and the white snow fell, he could often be seen giving his sister Hattie a ride.

In all affairs of life, social as well as political, courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciative heart.—*Henry Clay.*

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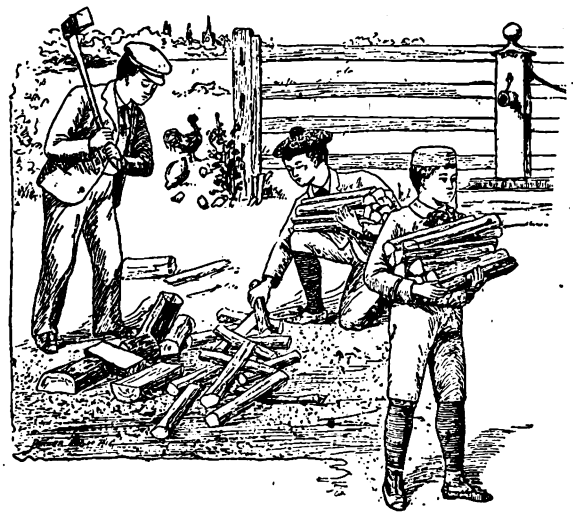
## GEORGIE AND HIS EXPERIENCE IN MAKING BUTTER.

GEORGIE seemed to be a different boy after Rover was gone. He stayed about the house and helped his mamma, or run errands for her.

When his chums would come Georgie would ask them to help him carry the kindling, which he had split, to the woodshed. He had almost enough to do his mamma all winter. "How Georgie has changed," his mamma would say, when papa came home in the evening, "he is not the same boy at all, that he used to be."



Georgie was very fond of buttermilk, and nothing pleased him more than to see his mamma prepare the churn for butter-making.

He would turn it for an hour at a time and not tire.

One morning after breakfast when Georgie had buckled his knapsack to go to school, his mamma said—"Georgie, remember this is the day for making butter, so don't stay long after school, you know, I want you to help me."

Georgie was happy. He returned promptly in the evening, and went about his job

He had turned about twenty minutes when he heard a yell. He hastened out and saw the boys chasing a squirrel along a fence, with sticks and stones. He soon forgot about the butter.

Hattie, his good little sister, whom he loved so much, had been playing store all

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this while with another little girl in the next room. When she saw the churn and no Georgie turning it, she went to try her skill at it; but, as luck would have it, she wasn't strong enough to turn it, otherwise all the cream would have run out on the floor.

Georgie, after looking into it, in order to see how near butter it was, had left it open in the excitement. Hattie soon found out it was open, and, after helping herself to some of the cream, went to get her doll to feed her also. She knew she was doing wrong, and that made her nervous, and she dropped the doll into the churn.

Georgie soon returned and worked like a good boy.

"This must be butter, sure," he exclaimed after turning a few minutes, "this works awful hard," and off he hastened to call his mamma.

She came at once, and—you can imagine how surprised they both were when they found Hattie's doll in the churn.

Hattie knew all this while what had happened, but pretended, she continued innocently at her play.

Georgie didn't stop to have any buttermilk.

## GEORGIE AND HIS EXPERIENCE WITH HATTIE AT SCHOOL.

GEORGIE never missed a day at school. He was a little late sometimes, but never failed to go, even though the weather was very bad.

He was well liked by all the children on account of his good nature. He was always cheerful and pleasant, ever ready to do a good turn, and had a kind word for everybody.

The Sisters, who taught the school which he attended, thought the world of Georgie in spite of the many tricks he would play. They knew he meant no harm, and that it was only the outburst of youth and showed a good lively disposition.

He was one of the best in his class, and it seemed easy to him to prepare for his recitations.

When returning from school in the evening, he would tell Hattie about his experiences at school, how much fun they had and how kind the Sisters were.

This made Hattie anxious to go with her brother, though she was yet rather young.

"Do ask papa to let me go to school, Georgie; little Myrtle and Tillie are going and aren't much taller than I. Mamma said I might go if papa didn't object."

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And thus she would coax Georgie, and papa and mamma, till at length they consented to let her go, if Georgie would promise to take good care of her.

The day was fixed, and her outfit gotten ready. It was a dreary morning, the latter part of September, when Georgie and Hattie were seen on their way to school.

Mamma had told them to be good children, and gave Georgie special warning to be sure and take good care of his little sister. She asked him to take an umbrella for fear it might rain in the evening.

Hattie's first day at school was full of happy and unhappy incidents. She was somewhat shy and a little afraid of the Sister with the black garment, and would not sit beside any child but Georgie.

Georgie didn't like this any too well, because it made the other boys snicker at his expense, but he had to put up with it. "Take good care of Hattie" were the last words of mamma.

Hattie would cling to his arm every time the sister approached, and would act sulky and cry.

Georgie would give her a nudge in the side, when the sister wouldn't look, but that made things worse. Doing it, he spilled the ink on his desk, and trying to prevent it from running on Hattie's white dress, he got his hands full.

Oh, how she did cry!

In despair he put his hand up to her mouth to keep her from screaming and dabbed her all over.

She was indeed a pretty looking sight.

She wouldn't stay any longer. She wanted to go to mamma, and Georgie had to take her.

It was very stormy and raining quite hard, and they were lucky to have an umbrella.

They walked a block or two against the wind when suddenly at a street corner a gale struck the inside of the umbrella and wheeled Georgie and Hattie around.

In vain did both try to get it back into position. All they could do was to hang on to the umbrella, which turned

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inside out, leaving nothing but a wreck and exposing the disheartened pair to the inclemency of the weather.

They arrived home wet from head to foot.

Their mamma scarcely knew them with soiled clothes and black faces, but thanked the Lord that they were still alive after all they had gone through that day.

## GEORGIE, AND HIS EXPERIENCE WITH BILLY, THE NEIGHBOR'S GOAT.

GEORGIE had a great deal of care upon him. He was the oldest boy and had to answer many purposes at times. He was hired-girl, gardener, errand boy, etc., and yet he was never dissatisfied, but always cheerful and happy.

Of course he had his failings like other boys, he would occasionally meddle with things that were none of his business, and sometimes be a little slow about complying with his mamma's wishes, when a game of ball or something of the kind was on, but all around he might be called a pretty good boy.

His parents didn't keep a cow, and every morning before going to school, Georgie would have to get milk for his mother.

Mrs. Grossman, who lived near by, had a goat by the name of Billy.

It was here that Georgie got the milk.

Georgie knew Billy and his tricks pretty well, but wasn't quite as smart as he thought he was.

One day Billy got the better of him and it happened thus:

Billy was tied to a little house, made of an empty dry goods box, with a rope about a rod long. This gave him sufficient liberty to pasture and to root in the pile of fruit and oyster cans near the barn.

Georgie had a habit of annoying Billy, and teasing him with

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a stick, knowing that Billy couldn't go further than the end of his rope, but he was fooled.

Mrs. Grossman, the milk-woman, had often cautioned him, but Georgie wouldn't mind.

One morning as he was passing with his pitcher of milk, he slapped Billy in the face with his cap.

Billy, who had lost his patience, ran desperately to the end of the rope again and again.

Georgie stood near by watching the performance; he held his side with laughter and just roared, not thinking for a moment that he was in danger, when suddenly the rope gave way.

Billy knew what he was about. His turn had come, and he made a wicked plunge for Georgie.

Georgie was startled and forgot to run, and, trying to save his milk, Billy got the better of him.

He ran up against his victim with fire in his eyes and would have hurt him badly, had not Mrs. Grossman, who heard Georgie scream, come to his rescue.

She caught Billy by the horn and fastened him to the rope, then she took Georgie by the ear and led him to his mamma.

She gave him many a good piece of advice on the way, and, among other things, told him, never more to meddle or take advantage of a poor animal when it was tied and helpless, that sooner or later the just punishment would come.

## GEORGIE AND THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

SOME of the little boys and girls, who have read these short stories about Georgie, may probably have arrived at the conclusion that our hero was quite a case. Now I will tell them that he was not. He certainly was a lively boy, full of fun, and always

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ready to enjoy a good time when there was a chance for one. And wouldn't any boy, who is a thorough boy, and who has the making of a man in him?

Georgie had many points that were in his favor, and circumstances would draw them out. His training at home, the good example of a loving mother, and the salutary advice of a Christian father, had made an impression on his youthful mind, that was bound to bear good fruit.

Georgie was fond of staying up late, especially when there was company at the house. He would listen for hours to the conversation of old folks, unless he was ordered to go to the kitchen and play with the rest of the young ones.

He was anxious to learn and would often reduce to practice what he had heard from the old. When they would speak about hair-breadth escapes at land or sea and extol the praises of daring persons, he would naturally desire to do something great himself and become notorious.

He had considerable pride in him and enjoyed it very much when he would be chosen leader by his comrades at ball and other games.

And all these qualities, which so often ruin a boy, proved to be the making of Georgie, because his kind parents kept close watch over him, and turned his ambition into the right channel.

It required a firm father, such as he had, to get him off to bed in the evening, but the wish of a pious mother sufficed to make him rise early in the morning. She often told him about the spiritual benefits such would derive who would attend Holy Mass whenever they could.

She had a knack of telling stories, which she had gathered from legends and the lives of saints, and making them suit her purpose.

She would tell him of St. Aloysius, St. Stanislaus, and others, who would never miss their prayers and always attend mass; of a St. George, who was a great warrior—and here she would show him a picture of the saint, in his uniform, on a proud steed, and a sword by his side—and when she got him thoroughly interested, she would apply the moral, telling him that the saint not only conquered bodily enemies, but spiritual ones as well; how he controlled his passions and never gave way to anger or spoke a hasty word, but was always considerate and charitable.

These lessons little Georgie imbibed on his mother's knee or at her feet, playing with pussy or puppy, whilst she would busy her-

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self reading or making handiwork. And they stayed with him through life.

He would never leave home before having said his morning prayer and asked his mamma to bless him. Rain or shine he was in time for Holy Mass.

To illustrate what I have said, I will relate an occurrence out of his school days.

I have mentioned it before that Georgie attended a Sisters' school. A religious air pervaded the entire room and work.

On the walls were pictures illustrating the most striking events in the lives of our Savior and his Blessed Mother. But one picture above all seemed to take the eye of the children, it was the picture of the "Guardian Angel" in a golden frame, hung up in a conspicuous place, as though it was intended to watch over the children and protect them against danger. And so it did, if Georgie was right. He had often heard his mamma and the Sister say that all men had guardian angels, who would be with them by day and by night. "This angel," I have heard Georgie say myself, "will cry when I am naughty and walk at a distance, but when I am good he will come up real close and smile and lead me over dangerous places and take me away from bad company. I often hear him whisper in my ear when I am tempted to do something bad. 'Don't do it—God sees you—He will punish you,' and all is right."

One day at school a great many children were absent because the weather was bad, and walking not very good, and a number of children had quite a distance to come. Georgie was there when the roll was called, and heard the Sister make the remark, that, indeed, it was a bad practice to miss school since it would seriously interfere with a child's progress; however, she hoped that all that did not appear had sufficient excuse, and she prayed the Angel Guardian dear to keep them from all evil.

She had scarcely spoken these words, when a piece of the ceiling which was plastered, came down with a terrible crash, and struck a bench that was not occupied, and certainly would have killed the children had they been there. But what was the strangest of all; just such children who had never missed for months happened to be absent that morning.

After the excitement was over, Georgie was the first one to speak and say:

"You have your prayer, Sister. The Guardian Angel has kept them from school, knowing what was going to happen."

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"On our way home from school last night, Eddy, Tommy and their little sisters got wet feet and caught cold. You know it had rained quite hard and water stood in low places through which they had to go. This is why they were kept at home. Won't they be happy when they hear of their narrow escape from death. You bet they will never forget to pray to the Guardian Angel."

This incident and many others that I might relate, will go to show the religious conviction of Georgie.

He will be a good man in his day and make his mark.

## FRANKIE AND HER COUSIN TOMMY.

FRANKIE was a nice little girl, who lived about one mile from Tommy's house.

Everyone liked Frankie and paid a great deal of attention to her, and that made her self-willed.

Tommy was also humored at home, and for this reason could not well agree with other children. If Frankie wanted to play one game Tommy would want to play another, and thus they would quarrel. If anyone else older than themselves would interfere, they would pout. Sometimes Tommy would say, "Let us go and play ball," then Frankie would make herself believe she didn't like to play ball, just to be contrary. They would wrangle over it awhile and then go each their own way. Then Tommy would be seen chasing pussy up a tree, whilst Frankie would be seen jumping her rope or riding her bicycle.

Their spat, however, would not last long, soon they would be together again looking through one of Frankie's many picture books. She was fond of picture books and could tell her grandma, when she would visit at the house, all about the pictures and what they meant.

Then little Jennie, another little cousin who lived near by, would join them, and they would go and take a swing.

Frankie would always give the orders, and if the others wouldn't mind, she would tell them that they couldn't use their swing, or play in their back yard, or slide down their cellar door, or holler in their rain barrel.

Her mamma had often reproached her for talking so mean to her cousins. Then she would cry and, when her mamma turned to

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go, she would make faces at the others or put out her little tongue.

She wasn't as good a girl as she might be.

Little girls are often considered to be better than little boys, but I know some that are not. Sometimes they would be quite nice, as sweet as sugar, and comb their mamma's hair, and kiss their papa good-night and love him. At other times you cannot get them off to bed. You may tell them a dozen times not to be so noisy, and then they will laugh only the more.

Now, this is wrong. Good children must mind at once and not be naughty.

If Frankie and other children, who are often naughty, would only stop and think, they would try real hard to be good. A child six or seven years of age must know that God hears and sees all we say and do.

Frankie doesn't go to school yet, but she has a good mamma and large sisters, who tell her every day what is right and what is wrong.

Would she ever dare give a back answer, or tell a lie, if she saw God before her, putting down all she said in a large book, in which he records all good and bad deeds; or would she make ugly faces, or put out her tongue, or act mean in any way, if she thought only for a moment, God was near? Now, this is the case. All the good things we do and all the kind words we speak, and all the bad things we do and the unkind words we speak, which are all in that big book of God, will be placed on a balance on judgment day.

A balance is a scales. You have seen them in the store when you like a good child have gone to get sugar or coffee for your mamma. You will remember, that the storekeeper placed a piece of brown paper on the scales, then with a scoop or bowl took the coffee or sugar from the barrel to weigh it, that he might know how much he was giving you.

Now, this is what God will do when we die. He will ask His angels to get that big book, and then He will put all the good and bad words and deed on the scales and weigh them, and if the bad weigh more than the good—may God then have mercy on us.

We should always think of this, think of the four last things, death, judgement, heaven, hell; then we will never commit sin. This is the advice that God Himself gives us in Holy Scripture. When it seems so hard to be good,—think of heaven, where all the good children will go, to be happy with God and His Blessed Mother and the angels and saints forever.

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When you are tempted to do something bad,—think of hell, where the bad children will go, to suffer such pains as cannot be described.

And then again make this a rule of your life. When you get up in the morning, offer yourself and all you shall do that day to God and say: "My God, here I am, a little child; I will speak only kind words and do only good things this day, and all I shall say and do shall be yours, because you are my kind loving Father. Help me by Thy grace, O God, that I may keep all I have promised."

In the evening before you go to sleep, when already on your bed, stop and think that you might die that night, and, that, when you awake, you may be before God, your judge. If anything should have been wrong that day, be sorry for it before you close your eyes.

## ROBBY.

ROBBY was a little boy about five years old. He lived in a very nice house in a large city. His papa was a great business man, who worked hard every day.

Robby was a funny boy. In the evening after supper he would cut all kinds of capers for his papa. He would crawl on his hands and feet and bark like a dog to make his papa laugh, or he would put on a false face, which his uncle had bought him, and make believe he was a negro. Then he would chase after his brothers and sisters.

Robby had three brothers and one sister, whose name was Marie. The names of his brothers were Eugene, James and Leo. Eugene was the oldest and Leo the youngest. Sometimes, too, Robby would play he was a poor man. He would take a stick in his left hand and walk lame, then hold out his right hand and go to each one in the room and ask for an alms.

Robby's papa was a good man, he would put a penny in the hat; then Robby would go to the little bank on the bureau and drop the penny in it.

He got the bank from Sauta Claus on Christmas day, and had quite a few pennies in it already. He got some of these pennies from his uncles and aunts when they would come to the house on a Sunday evening.

His papa told him one day, that he would buy him a pony

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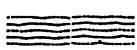
when he got older, if he saved his pennies. This was a good lesson for Robby, it gave him a good habit.

Many children will spend their money for candy when they are young, and for useless things when they grow older. They will never have a nice house and a big store like Robby's father.

Drop to drop makes the ocean, and one hundred pennies make one dollar. One penny isn't much, but a dollar is. We shouldn't be stingy, but we shouldn't spend our money foolishly.

Some children save their money for the Fourth of July to buy fire-crackers; others give it to their mamma to buy something useful for them.

I know some good children, who save their pennies till Christmas and give them to the Infant Jesus at the crib when they go to church.



## ROBBY'S TRIP TO THE COUNTRY.

IT was a beautiful morning. A robin on the top of a tree near Robby's bed room window called—'Robby! Robby!'

Robby would'nt hear, he was fast asleep. He dreamed of the good time he was going to have in the country with his cousins Harry and Emeran.

About eight o'clock his mamma came to wake him. The carriage was already waiting in front of the house.

They all enjoyed the trip very much. They drove about five miles into the country, where Robby's papa had a good friend. They played football all day. Papa and uncle John played with them, whilst mamma and others took a walk into the woods to pray in a little chapel, which had been built by a pious priest long, long ago.

When they were tired they rested under shady trees, and when they were thirsty they drank fresh milk.

Robby and the other little ones never had a nicer time, but they were awful tired. They slept almost all the way going home, and went to bed without supper that evening.

Robby and his brothers and cousins are healthy, because they are out doors a great deal. They play ball in summer, and skate and ride down the hill with their sled in winter.

Some children don't like to be out door much, they would rather stay out of the sun in summer and near the fire in winter. They are foolish. They will have headache and feel unwell often.

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## WHY TONY WORE A MEDAL ABOUT HIS NECK.

TONY had an aunt who was very pious, and who would visit at their house very often. Tony thought a great deal of his aunt because she used to tell him such nice stories.

One afternoon in winter Aunty called. It was a cold day, and when evening came it stormed quite hard; the snow fell so fast that Aunty couldn't go home.

The children were happy. They knew that mamma would let them stay up later when Aunty was there.

After supper when the dishes were washed, all sat around the fire and busied themselves the best way they could. Mamma worked at some fancy embroidery for the church fair, papa read a paper, Mamie, Tony's only sister, played at the piano, and Aunty tried to entertain the little ones.

It was a cozy place to spend an evening; the wind howled in the chimney as it rolled the snow down the street.

The children would not tire.

"O Aunty, do tell us another story, another one about the good Mother of Jesus. I like them the best," you might hear Tony say.

It wasn't bed-time yet, and so Aunty told them another story. Who could refuse the request of good little Tony?

She began thus: "Once there was a man who had to go to war to fight for his country—" "And wasn't he afraid?" interrupted Mamie, who had become interested, and now left the piano to take a seat on a small chair near Aunty's feet. "I wouldn't like to be a a soldier, who must go to war where they shoot and kill people," added Tony. "He was not afraid," continued Aunty, "he was a good Christian and always prepared to die well. Above all he had a great devotion to the Mother of Jesus and wouldn't let a day go by without saying some prayers to her. His mother, shortly before she died, had given him a Medal of the Blessed Virgin Mary. She told him to wear it always about his neck, by day and by night, and to kiss it and say a prayer before he went to sleep, that then the Mother of God would watch over him. This he did, not only when he was a child, but also when he grew up to be a man. In course of time he got so used to wearing the Medal, that he would not feel safe without, but with it he would fear nothing."

"What a good man he must have been, and how the Blessed Mother must have liked him," said Tony. "And so she did," continued Aunty. "When in war a bullet from the gun of an enemy

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hit him. He fell to the ground. They picked him up and thought he was dead; the bullet had hit him in the breast. They carried him to the hospital, where he was placed in charge of Sisters of Charity, who at once sent for a priest. When the priest came the good man again opened his eyes and looked surprised, he did not know where he was, and what had happened. When the doctor examined him, they found that the bullet had struck the Medal about his neck and glanced off, and that there was no danger. The Blessed Mother had saved his life."

"Oh, Aunty get such a Medal for me," exclaimed Tony, who had anxiously followed the story, watching every move of Aunty's eyes, "I will do as the good man did."

"So will we," all joined in. The next time that Aunty came to the house she had a Blessed Medal for each.

## HOW TILLIE ESCAPED A WHIPPING.

ONE day Tillie was disposed to be naughty. She tempted her mamma in every way; and when her mamma would threaten to punish her, she would laugh. In this way she went on till finally she got herself into trouble.

Her mamma had washed the dishes and asked Tillie to wipe them. Tillie was only a little girl, but well able to do it. It was mamma's intention to give her an early training.

Tillie puckered up her mouth and only half reached for the towel which her mamma had offered her. It fell to the floor.

Mamma was provoked.

"Pick it up and go to work at once or I'll tell papa."

Tillie was afraid of papa and soon was at work.

When mamma left the room, Tillie was as careless as ever and dropped a plate. Bang—bang, it went to the floor and broke in many pieces.

"What does this mean?" mamma came rushing to the kitchen. "What have you been doing now?"

"I didn't do it," was the answer.

"Who did?" shouted mamma hastily; "there is no one in the kitchen but yourself."

Tillie insisted that it fell of itself. She had a habit of steering clear of trouble in that way—she would come pretty close to a barefaced lie sometimes. (*Continued on page 112.*)

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## THE LITTLE MOTHER.

ONCE upon a time there was a good priest, whose only object in life was to make others happy.

He was poorly in health, yet he worked from early morn till late at night in the vineyard of the Lord.

Every day at a fixed time, when the bell would ring, the faithful of this good priest's flock could be seen on their way to the church; they knew that the good Father would be at the altar to offer the sacrifice of the New Law, Holy Mass.

On Saturdays and ever of festivals he would be in the confessional till late at night, administering to the wants of the sinner, like balsam his words of love and warning would act upon the wounded soul.

On the Lord's day, though weakened by the long fast, his sweet, gentle voice would ring forth from the altar and pulpit, singing God's praise and preaching His Gospel with an earnestness and conviction that would re-echo in the hearts of all present.

The good Father was, in reality, a good shepherd, and his flock loved him. Could it be otherwise? But above all, the little ones loved their good pastor with an ardent love. Daily they would see him in the school-room, instructing them in the truths of Holy Religion, warning them against dangers, encouraging them to walk firmly on the narrow path that leads to the beautiful place beyond the stars, where God and his angels dwell.

On such occasions his countenance would beam with love of God that would impart its benign influence to all.

To show their respect for their beloved pastor, the children, with the aid of the good Sisters, who had charge of the school, would learn nice songs and pieces and drills, which on the recurrence of the Rev. Father's Saint's day they would render.

They would invite their parents and friends, and in the evening all would meet in a large hall. Everything being ready a delegation of little girls in white dresses would go to ask Rev. Father over to the hall, then the program would be given. First a congratulatory address by a member of the higher classes, then alternately a song or piece of music, a declamation or drill.

It was on one of these occasions that the little girls in our picture performed a part of the program.

It was a drill, and they were called the Little Mothers. In imitation of a loving mamma they would sing to their dolls, take them out for a walk, love them and scold them.

They did very well, and received great applause. It was indeed a pretty sight to behold. God bless them!

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## LITTLE LOUISA'S SOLILOQUY.

I tan't see what our baby boy is dood for anyway;
He don't know how to walk or talk, he don't know how to play;
He tears up ev'ry single zing he posser-billy tan,
An' even tried to break, one day, my mamma's bestes fan;
He's al'ays tumblin' 'bout ze floor, an' gives us awful scares,
An' when he goes to bed at night, he never says his prayers,
On Sunday, too he musses up my go-to-meetin' clothes,
An' once I foun' him hard at work a-pin-cin' Dolly's nose,
An' ze ozzer day zat naughty boy (now what you 'spose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;
An' 'stead of ky'in' dood and hard, as course he ought to done,
He laughed, and kicked his head 'most off, as zought 'twas fun.
He even tries to reach up high, an' pull zings off ze shelf,
An' he's al'ays wantin' you, of course, just when you wants you'-self,
I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my turls,
Zey all was made a purpose for to 'noy us little dirls;
An I wish zere wasn't no such zing as naughty baby boys—
Why—why, zat's him a ky'in' now; he makes a drefful noise.
I dess I better run and see, for if he has—boo—hoo!—
Falled down ze stairs and killed his-self, what ever s-s-s' all I do!

—*Selected.*

## HOW MAMIE MADE SUNSHINE.

ONE morning Mamie awoke and saw it was raining. It was a dark and unpleasant day. Mamie felt cross. She looked into the mirror and saw her face was cross. She said, "I will try to be pleasant." Then she sang a song and ran down stairs. Everybody was cross. Mamma had a headache, breakfast was late, and baby was crying. Mamie said brightly, "Good morning." She played with the baby and helped to bring in the breakfast. She was very gay at table and made her parents laugh. Then she found papa's umbrella and kissed him "good-bye," and played again with the baby.

Her mamma kissed her and said: "We all felt very cross this morning, but your pleasant ways made sunshine for us all."

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Mamma felt very bad over this and resolved to tell papa about it. And she did. Tillie knew what this meant. Papa was a stern man of few words, and mamma for this reason would only have recourse to him in extreme cases.

Tillie cried all day and grew pale when the hour of papa's coming approached. She thought and thought, but could think of no way out of trouble this time. She was very sorry for what she had done and promised her mamma a hundred times in the course of the afternoon to mend her ways. But mamma wouldn't yield. She would gladly have forgiven the child for breaking the plate, but the lie—this almost broke her heart.

"What will become of her later, away from home, when already now she will dare to tell her own good mamma a lie. Good God, forgive and change her!"

Tillie heard all this, and for once in her life seemed to understand the enormity of her deed. And in her heart resolved to repent.

When papa came home and saw mamma's pale face and tears in Tillie's eyes, he knew that something had happened, and in his usual harsh way inquired:

"What does all this mean?"

Mamma told him.

Tillie fairly shook with fear and amid trembling asked papa leave to go to her room for a minute, when he turned towards her.

Permission was granted and the child went up stairs to her room and closed the door behind her.

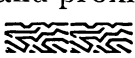
Papa and mamma followed and listened outside, after telling her she must not tarry and come down again to receive her punishment.

Tillie went to the side of the bed, knelt down and this was her prayer. "Dear Lord, if you love little girls and want to help me, please do it. I am real sorry for what I have done, I will promise you never to do it again."

The prayer was heard.

Tillie never again told a lie, nor done any more thieving, another failing of hers, which caused mamma a great deal of worry, especially at Christmas time.

She is a girl of nine now and promises to be quite a lady.



No man or woman by the humblest thought, can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it; without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—*Selected.*

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## HOW KATIE WAS PUNISHED FOR HER PRIDE.

"KATIE! Katie! where are you?" exclaimed Clara impatiently, "Mamma wants you." Little Katie had found her way to the bed room and was fixing her hair before a mirror, as she had often seen her larger sisters do. Mamie, Katie's sister, had a scrap book, into which she would paste paper dolls and pictures when her papa would bring them from the store, or clip them from papers.

She had been doing this in the morning and left the bottle of mucilage on the dresser. Katie was too small to know the mucilage from cologne. She took the bottle she could reach best, which was the mucilage, poured it out on her little hands and rubbed it all over her head. Then she tried to comb her hair, but the comb would stick. She pulled and pulled until tears came to her eyes, and then she cried as if she was being murdered.

Clara, who had been looking for her this long while, heard her cry and rushed to the bedroom to see what had happened.

Oh, how she did scold!

"You naughty, vain, proud, good-for-nothing little thing, why did you do that? Why can't you keep your hands off from things that don't belong to you? I often told you God would punish you for your pride. Won't I have a sweet time getting your head clean? Oh, dear! it is just terrible to have little sisters to take care of. I'd rather have little boys about the house ten times. If it isn't one thing it is another."

And thus she sputtered on till mamma came to find out what all the noise was about.

"Just look at this dirty little one, mamma," continued Clara, "she has put the whole bottle of mucilage on her hair. What business had she in here anyhow? I've told her a dozen times a day to keep away from the glass, the stuck-up little thing. But she won't mind."

"Now, now, hold your tongue just a minute," said mamma. "Don't blame the little one; she sees you and the others do it and that is why she does it. Why can't you set a good example, you are old enough, I'm sure. Katie is a mere child. Take her out and wash her, and tell Mamie to take better care of her mucilage the next time, and not leave it where baby can reach it."

Children can learn a lesson from this, especially such that have little brothers and sisters, younger than themselves. Always set them a good example.

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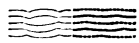
We are always ready to find faults in others, but fail to see our own. We will even do things ourselves and think they are nice, but will criticize others for doing them after us. Oh, how mean! How the rash but cutting remarks of Clara must have hurt little Katie, who had been doing only what she had seen her sisters do.

Children, be charitable, and when a correction is necessary make it in a nice way.

Correct the faults of younger ones by showing them how to do what is right in your own lives. In short, practice what you preach.



## WHAT GRANDMA TOLD ROGER.

ONE day little Roger got hold of his uncle Alphons's book and took it to grandma and asked her to tell what the pictures meant.

Grandma reached to the top of her head, feeling for her glasses. Then Roger ran to the bed-room and fetched them, saying: "Here, grandma, are your glasses. Will I wipe them for you?"

"No, child, you might break them, let me have them." After placing them on her nose, she took Roger on her lap, moved up to the table and began explaining.

Roger kept her quite busy asking questions all the time. "What is this, grandma, and what is that? Has this boy a papa, does he go to school, and where does he live?"—and the like. One picture especially seemed to attract his attention. It was a scene in the Alps, showing a party of tourists climbing to the top of a high snow mountain, with spiked shoes and long poles. They were passing a steep slope covered with ice and snow; and, in order not to fall, they were lashed together with a strong rope, which was tied around each man's waist.

"Such a trip," said grandma, "is indeed interesting, but very dangerous; any moment one may slip and fall down the precipice and be killed, if one is not well shod.

"When you will grow up some day, Roger dear, to be a man, you will have to go to a great many dangerous places, places which will endanger your soul and which may bring on eternal ruin, if you are not well shod.

"Now, darling, what do I mean? Do I mean to say, you must put spikes on the soles of your shoes? Oh, no! You must be well instructed in order to be able to distinguish bad company from

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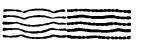
good, and you must have the courage to tear yourself away from the bad. Temptations will come and ice the track under you, and then you must be well shod with christian principles, and, like a little man, plant down your foot, say: 'No! I will not offend my God, whatever the consequences may be.' You must not care for human respect, but always keep God before you. You are only a little boy now, but already now you must be wise and begin to prepare for the future."



## RUINS OF THE ST. AEMILIANUS ORPHAN ASYLUM.

DESTROYED BY FIRE DEC. 11, 1895.

It was the evening of the eleventh of December, and the fiercest storm of the season raged. The snow fell thick and fast, and it looked as though the many footpaths, leading to the different institutions of St. Francis, that romatic little town, just south of the present limits of the city of Milwaukee, would soon be blockaded.

There was nothing to disturb the peace within the many homes but the howling wind as it found its way down the chimneys. It was supper time. Contentedly the inmates sat about the common tables, eating their frugal meal and talking of the occurrences of the day, when suddenly the heavens assumed an aspect bright as day and pretty to look on.

The groves of maple and beach, waving in the heavy wind; the spires and pinnacles with their metal trimmings, glittering in the light; the silvery snow-flakes rolling down the streets, whirled by the furious wind from where the surging sea sang its usual wild song; all this, as seen from the window, was a picture beautiful in the extreme.

There was, however, nothing strange about it. It is of common occurrence at St. Francis to see the night changed into day by the curling flames, rising high into the sky, from the chimneys of blast furnaces and rolling mills.

Little did we dream that the roar of the element in the neighboring woods, and the thundering noise from old Michigan were the dirge of a stately structure, which for many years had been the Alma Mater, the home and shelter of hundreds of poor orphans.

It was seven o'clock when the sad tidings reached us.

The fire broke out in the printing office, conducted by and adjoining that institution. The paper and other combustible material contained in the printing rooms furnished ample food for the fire. When the devouring flames, fanned by the high wind, leaped from the printing establishment to the chapel of the main building, it became apparant that the entire buildings were doomed to destruction.

Then it was that the good Sisters in charge of the Orphan House ordered the boys to form ranks and to leave the building. In perfect order 194 little fellows left the burning house. Many a tear was shed when with a

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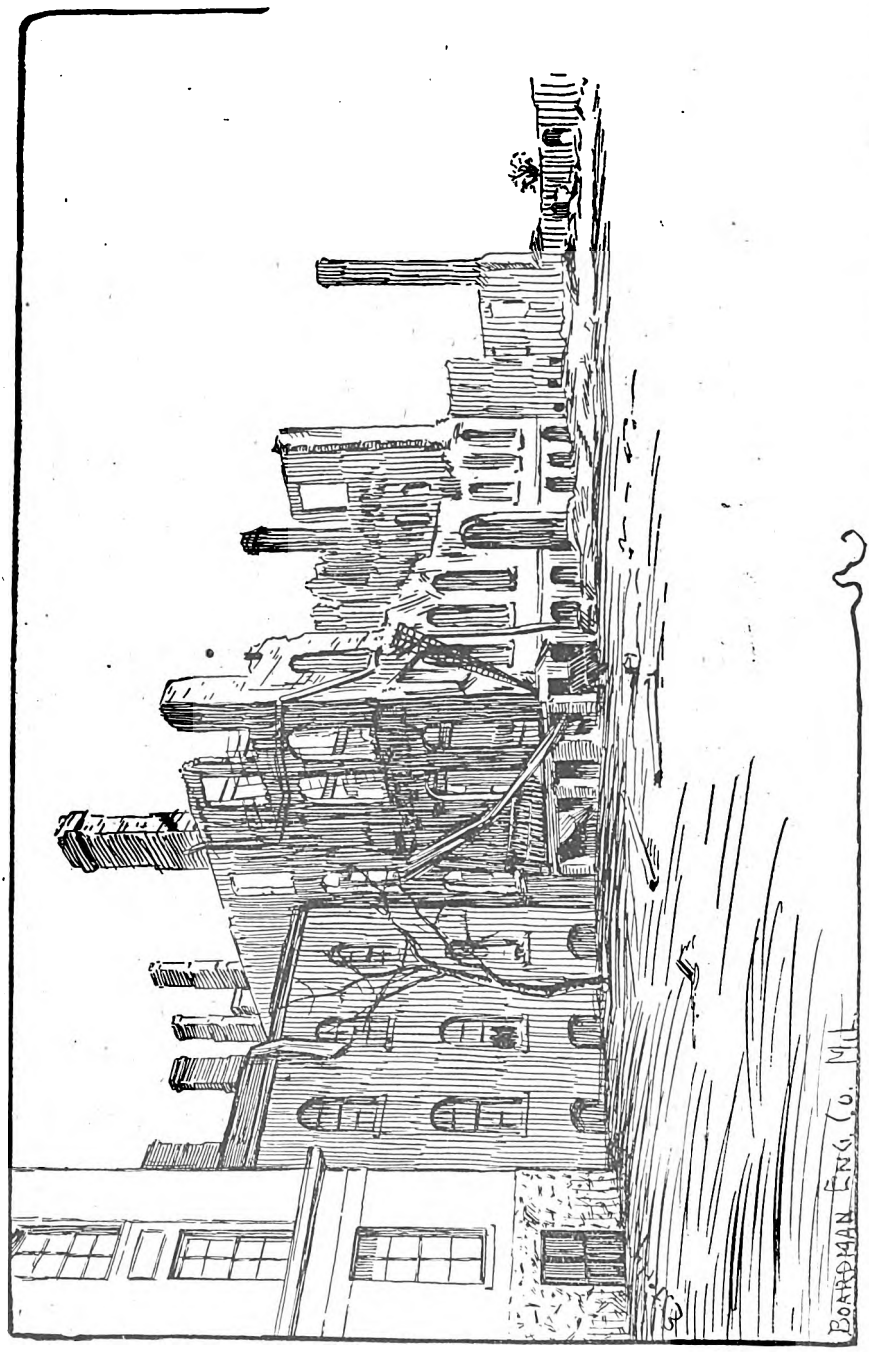


This Picture will Show How the Fire Worked Its Way.

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last look they bid farewell to the classrooms and familiar corridors, so often made cheerful by their youthful shout and innocent sport. Guided by their faithful guardians, some marched to the neighboring convent, others to Pio Nono college, where they found lodging for the night.

Meanwhile the professors and students of the seminary and college did all in their power to check the progress of the fire, as well as to save the contents of the chapel and the main building. The fire had already made great headway when several engines from Milwaukee finally reached the scene of destruction and bravely took up the fight with the raging element.

Through the efforts of firemen and students the fine new wing of the main building, erected only a year ago, was saved, and thus at least a temporary home reserved for the children.

The buildings destroyed by fire will be replaced as soon as possible. In the meantime everything will be done to make the homeless children comfortable.

Unfortunately a great part of the first edition of the *Good Child*, the second half of the book, which was to be taken to the binders in a day or two, perished with the printing office; first half had been taken there a few days previous to the fire.

To make the loss, entailng to the publishers, as small as possible, and also, to avoid a disappointment to the many friends and patrons of the poor Deaf Mutes, work was at once taken up again to reproduce the book out of the charred leaves found in the debris after the night of the fire.

Under such adverse circumstances the kind readers will, however, bear with us for the unforeseen delay and not with-hold their charity from their ever grateful inmates of St. John's Institute for Deaf Mutes.

## UNCLE MATT TO HIS FRIENDS.

### GREETING AND GOD'S BLESSING.

THE first volume of THE GOOD CHILD has appeared, and we hope that our friends will derive pleasure and spiritual benefit from it. It is intended to entertain and instruct the *Catholic Youth*, scattered all over this grand country of ours.

The Good Child will appear at intervals of three and four months in its present form, if the patronage will warrant its success.

It will be well bound, made of the best material, richly illustrated and contain articles by the best Catholic writers.

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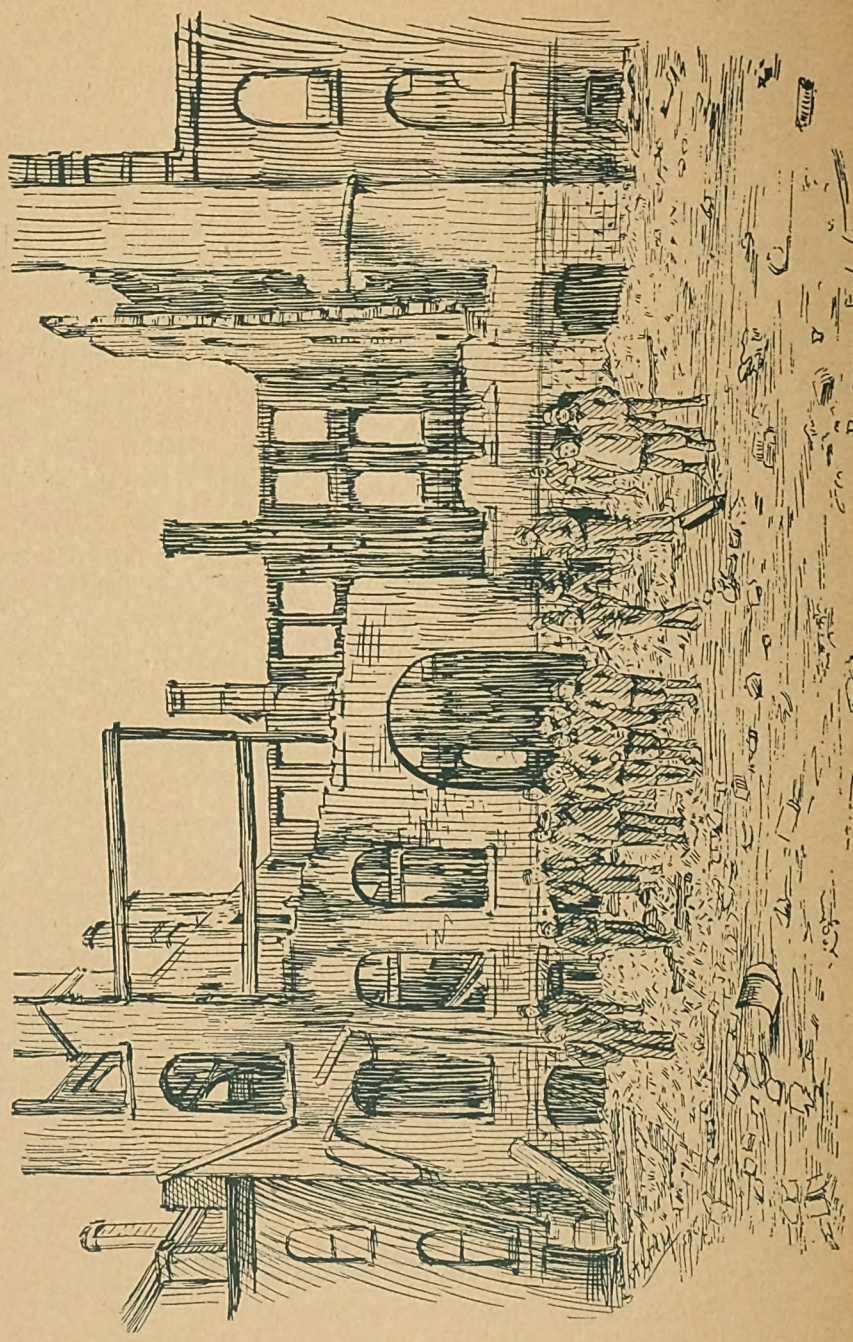


Ruins of the St. Aemilianus Orphan Asylum and Boys Home, St. Francis, Wis.

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VOLUME II will be ready soon. It will be a nice EASTER GIFT.

In the course of a few years our subscribers will have a valuable FAMILY LIBRARY which will be an unlimited source of knowledge and pleasure in the family circle,—for the trifling sum of a few dollars. Catholic parents and friends of children can make no better investment. Our publication will be a friendly visitor in the household, a benefactor to all, and like sunshine will dispel the gloom, which at times finds its way into every home.

THE GOOD CHILD will be published in place of the "Deaf Mute's Friend," the organ of our Aid Society, by persons who have the welfare of suffering humanity and that of Catholic youth at heart. They will take no pay for their work, looking forward for a reward in the world to come.

> "Let the little ones come unto me and prevent them not, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."
>
> "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."—*St. Matt., Chap. 25.*
>
> "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

The NET PROCEEDS of our publications will be turned over to ST. JOHN'S INSTITUTE, where Deaf Mutes are instructed in the truths of Holy Religion. Many a POOR DEAF MUTE, the child of Catholic parents, who years ago came to this school ignorant, half-witted and silly, a fit subject of pity and compassion and a burden to his family, has since left it well instructed, a good Christian and citizen, a useful member of society. He who was sullen and mum, is now cheerful, conversing with his hearing brethren by hand or mouth; he who was once in the way is now seen side by side with others in the workshop and office, competing with them for an honest living; he who knew naught about God and eternity is now found on his knees in the church, at the feet of the priest or at the sacred rails, repenting for his sins, praising God and devoutly praying for his benefactors.

All who will subscribe for this book and in any way are instrumental in increasing our long list of friends, are co-operators in this noble work and will participate in many spiritual benefits.

Anyone desirous of joining the AID SOCIETY FOR POOR DEAF MUTES will kindly send name and full address to the undersigned. ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEE is only ten (10) cts. The inmates of St. John's Institute will daily say the ROSARY and make a MEMENTO at Holy Mass for their benefactors.

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To LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS who would like to act as SOLICITORS for THE GOOD CHILD, we would make the following suggestion: Take a copy of THE GOOD CHILD and go to your uncle and aunt or friend and tell them to read Uncle Matt's letter and acquaint themselves with the good work you are engaged in.

Any boy or girl, who will get one (100) hundred subscribers for volumes I, or II, or III, etc., and send us twenty-five ($25.00) dollars per registered letter or money order for same, can have the privilege of being a HERO OF A STORY in one of our next issues. Such heroes in Volume I are Nora, Georgie, Frankie, Tony, Josie, Robby, Katie, Roger, Tillie, etc.

At the receipt of the money we will send by express to the little solicitor one hundred (100) books. The solicitor having the required number of subscribers will write a letter to UNCLE MATT, ST. FRANCIS, WIS., telling him his or her name and address in full; also the names and ages of papa and mamma, brothers and sisters; their own age, color of eyes and hair, and such other information as to themselves and their surroundings as will be necessary in the write-up of a story. Little adventures at home and school, name of school and church they attend, the peculiarity of neighboring country, etc.—would be just the thing. Let them send a photograph or, with help of others, give a little biography of themselves.

Oh, how these little solicitors will enjoy the next volume of THE GOOD CHILD, containing a story of which they are the hero.

This plan will make our book more interesting; it will make the little ones acquainted with the children and their ways in every state of the union; it will make our publication a children's book in the true sense of the word.

* * * * * * *

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# CALENDAR.

## 1896

### JANUARY.

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### DECEMBER.

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## Holy Days of Obligation in the United States,

On which every Catholic who has reached the age of reason is obliged to hear Mass and to rest from servile work, unless hindered by sickness or other sufficient cause.

1. All Sundays in the year.
2. The Circumcision of Our Lord, or New Year's Day, January 1.
3. The Ascension of Our Lord, May 14.
4. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 15.
5. All Saints, November 1.
6. The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, December 8.
7. The Nativity of Our Lord, December 25.

## Fasting Days.

Binding on every Catholic who has reached the age of twenty-one, and is not lawfully excused:

1. The *Fridays* in *Advent*.
2. All the week-days of *Lent*, beginning on *Ash-Wednesday*, February 19.
3. The *Ember-days*.
4. The *Vigils* of Pentecost, May 23; of the Assumption, August 14; All Saints, October 31; of Christmas, December 24.

When a feast falls on Monday, the Vigil is kept on the Saturday preceeding.

In some dioceses the Friday of the Ember-Days is the only Friday on which there is an obligation to fast.

The *Ember-Days* are the Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays which occur, 1st, in winter, immediately after the third Sunday in Advent; 2d, in the spring, immediately after the first Sunday in Lent; 3d, in the summer, during Whit-Sun Week; 4th, in the autumn, immediately after the 14th of September. The object of their observance is to consecrate to God the four seasons of the year by penance; to obtain his blessing on the fruits of the earth, and to beg of him worthy ministers of the Church. The ordination of clergymen generally takes place in Catholic countries, on Ember Saturday.

## Days of Abstinence.

On which we are not allowed to eat flesh-meat:

All Fridays in the year, and all fasting days of obligation, excepting those on which the use of flesh-meat is expressly allowed by the proper authorities. Soldiers and sailors in the service of the United States however, are exempted from the rule of abstinence all through the year, excepting upon Ash-Wednesday; upon Thursday and Friday in Holy Week; and upon the Vigils of the Assumption and Christmas.

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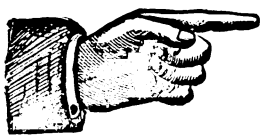

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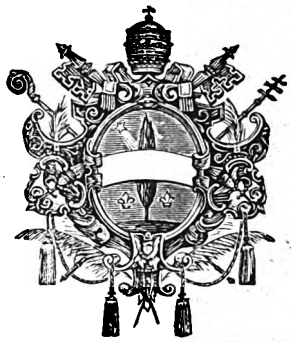

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